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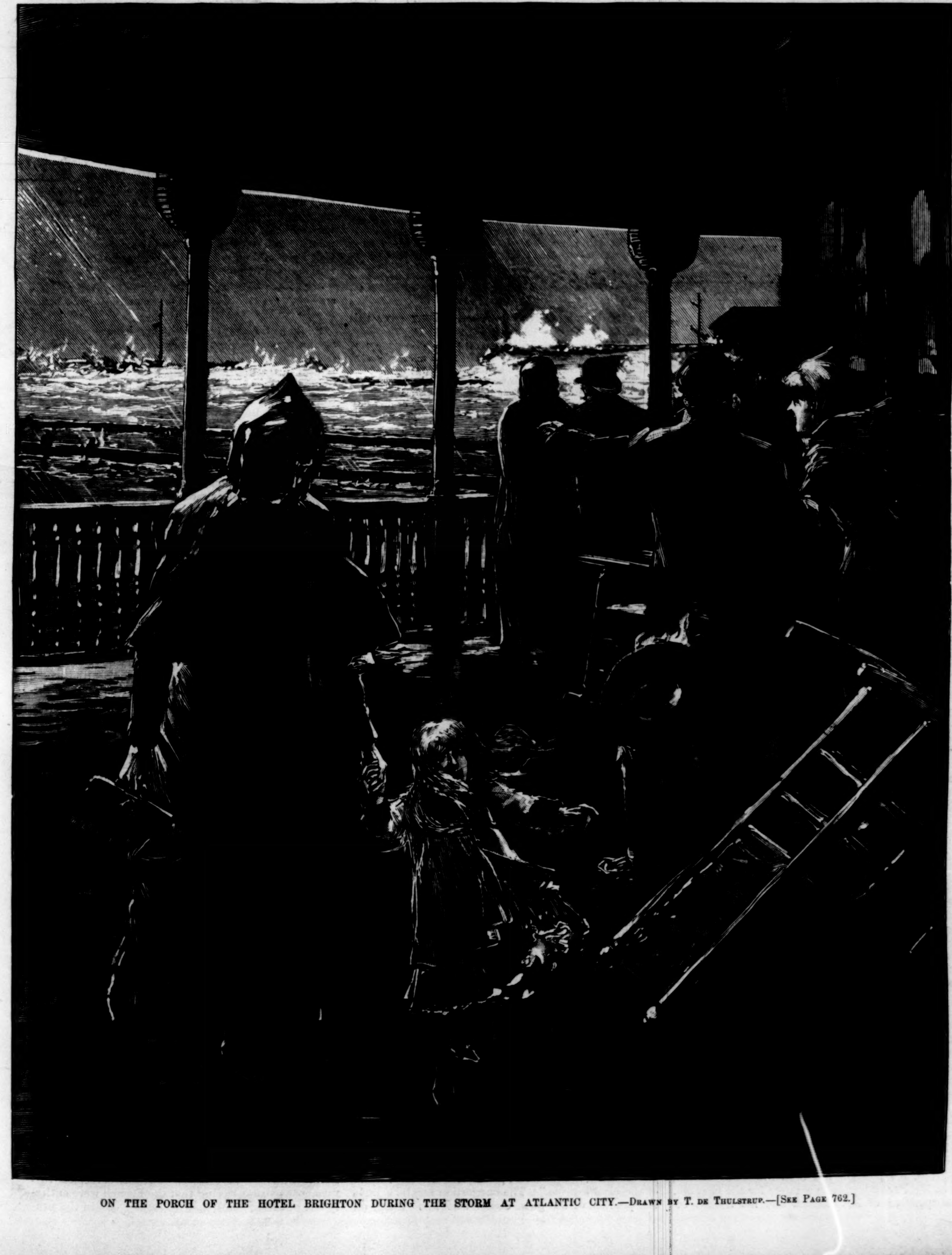

ON THE PORCH OF THE HOTEL BRIGHTON DURING THE STORM AT ATLANTIC CITY.—DRAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 762.]

NEW EDITION OF

MOTLEY'S CORRESPONDENCE.

The Correspondence of John Lothrop Motley, D.C.L., Author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "History of the United Netherlands," "The Life and Death of John of Barneveld," etc. Edited by GEORGE WILLIAM CURTIS. With Portrait. 2 vols. (*In a Box.*) Royal 8vo, Cloth, Uncut Edges, Gilt Top, $7 00.

SOME PRESS NOTICES.

An honor to literature, and to American literature especially. They give us the more intimate history of a man of genius, a great writer, and a man of the world.—*New York Tribune.*

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Full of delightful pen pictures and anecdotes of distinguished people. ....A worthy memorial of the historian and diplomat, and an honorable addition to our national biographical literature.—*Boston Transcript.*

Mr. Motley's correspondence is a boon to book lovers, and is well worth purchasing, as it is beyond all question well worth reading. In a word, this correspondence may be not untruly said to be a most valuable addition to a most pleasant department of literature, and as such it deserves all the success which we most confidently anticipate for it.—*Spectator, London.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH

COVER AND SUPPLEMENT.

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DAMON AND PYTHIAS IN NEW YORK.

IN the State elections of this year, for which the Conventions are now preparing, what is the question to be decided? There are of course State officers to be chosen. But what is to determine a man's vote? Is it the comparative personal fitness of the candidates for the offices? Or is it their representative character? Or is it simply the name of the party which nominates them? If the country was at war, and every thought and all the public energy were concentrated upon its vigorous prosecution, every consideration would be subordinated to that, and we should all vote really for or against the war. This was the situation in 1864, and every vote for national or State officers was then thrown solely with regard to that question. All that was asked of a candidate was substantially that he should be at every cost for the war or against it. There is no such absorbing and imminent public question now. There is no such sharp and definite division of parties. Indeed, in every State a man may agree with the general party tendency upon one question, and disagree with it upon another. But the one question will be probably that of national policy, and the others will be those of State measures and regulations.

It is an off year in New York, that is to say, it is not a year in which a Governor and members of Congress are to be elected. The real game of the election therefore is more remote and hidden. It involves a Senatorship of the United States. The divided sentiment in the administration party here is not a secret. When Mr. HARRISON was elected last year and Mr. WARNER MILLER was defeated, the situation was such that he and his friends anticipated the most agreeable "recognition." It was confidently supposed, if not by Mr. MILLER, certainly by his closest friends, that he would be made Secretary of the Treasury. This was the more certainly expected because his only rival in the leadership of the party was Mr. PLATT, and the MILLER men frankly challenged the PLATT men to mention any reason in national distinction, in official service, and in service to the party which should justly cause Mr. PLATT to be preferred to Mr. MILLER. Mr. PLATT, they said—and they must be held responsible for the saying—had been Mr. CONKLING's political lackey. Mr. CONKLING had put him into the Senate, and had taken him out when he resigned. But finding that the "Stalwart" day had passed, and that Mr. CONKLING would never rise to power again, Mr. PLATT, they said, had "ratted to BLAINE." They insisted that he could be called in no proper sense a man of ability or of high political standing. He took no rank with the party leaders elsewhere who knew Mr. MILLER, and acknowledged him to be one of themselves. It was therefore preposterous, they said, to suppose that the President, who had publicly and significantly recognized the distinguished services of Mr. MILLER, should disappoint him and his great following by openly preferring Mr. PLATT.

But the impossible has happened. Mr. MILLER has been as completely disregarded as if he were unknown. In the game of party politics, as it is usually played, his position has been almost ludicrous; and as Mr. PLATT begins to arrange for the election, the disposition of Mr. MILLER and his friends becomes a question of very great importance. It is announced, however, that heavenly harmony has been secured, and that Mr. PLATT and Mr. MILLER will appear in the touching drama of *Damon and Pythias*. This is the announcement on the bills, and yet human nature insists that behind the scenes harmony is probably not actually aggressive. The interior Republican question of the election in New York will not be the comparative fitness of candidates, nor the tariff, nor even high license, but the United States Senatorship. Republican success engineered by Mr. PLATT will perhaps not end in the advancement of Mr. MILLER. Mr. MILLER is not the man to bolt or to protest against the "regular" party action, and he has great powers of "harmony." But they may not extend to the point of promoting, at his own expense, the political advancement of Mr. PLATT.

DISHONORABLE DISCHARGE AND PENSIONS.

WE recently alluded to the decision of the Assistant Secretary of the Interior that dishonorable discharge from the service did not invalidate the claim to a pension. The Assistant Secretary calls our attention to the reasons for his decision, which, in brief, are as follows:

"1. Invalid pensions are granted for causes of disability due exclusively to line of duty in the service. 2. A discharge from the service is a prerequisite to pension, but the nature or the character of the discharge itself does not impair nor otherwise affect the claim for pension on account of disabilities due to the service. 3. A dishonorable discharge is a penalty imposed by competent authority for an offence against the regulations of the service, but has no relation to the claim or title to pension for alleged disabilities; and when said penalty is inflicted, the power of the government to punish for the alleged offence is exhausted in the instance named. 4. A dishonorable discharge does not involve the forfeiture of a soldier's pensionable rights, there being no law whereby such forfeiture can be enforced, and the Department possesses no power to inflict such a penalty outside the express terms of the statute."

In 1868 Judge-Advocate-General HOLT gave this opinion:

"In the absence of any statutory provision on the subject, it is held not to be essential to entitle a person to a military pension that he should have received an honorable discharge as a soldier. The pension is granted on account of disability incurred by the party in the line of duty while in the military service, wholly irrespective of the circumstances, whether honorable or dishonorable, under which he may subsequently have become separated from the army."

In 1875 the Secretary of the Interior, Mr. DELANO, reversed the decision of the Commissioner of Pensions rejecting a claim upon the ground of dishonorable discharge, stating that no law denied a pension to a disabled soldier because of dishonorable discharge, and that such exemption could not be fairly assumed, since other grounds, as, for instance, desertion, were expressly mentioned in some of the statutes. Pension, he held, is not a reward for good conduct. The Secretary said:

"The character of the discharge, whether honorable or dishonorable, indicating good or bad character, can have no bearing whatever on the nature and extent of disability, which alone decides the right to pension."

The recent action of the Assistant Secretary is apparently in accord with this view of the Secretary of the Interior, with the ruling of the Attorney-General, with the affirmation of that ruling by the Supreme Court of the United States, and with the practice of the Bureau of Pensions from its organization to September 4, 1885, when Commissioner BLACK and Secretary LAMAR changed "the immemorial practice of the Department."

This change, however, was not unreasonable. It was due to the conviction of those officers, in which there will be general agreement, that Congress, which required honorable discharge as a condition of pension for the soldiers of 1812 and of the Mexican war, could not have intended that their equally honorable brethren of the war of 1861 should be degraded by admitting to their pension roll those not honorably discharged from the service. If, as the opinion of the Judge-Advocate-General, of Secretary DELANO, and of the Supreme Court holds, it is not the character of the soldier, or the terms of his discharge, but the disability alone, which is the title to a pension, it is plain that, unless the law expressly forbids—as in the case of a deserter—a thief, or a coward, or even a traitor, may be placed upon the pension rolls. If this be so, we should agree with Commissioner BLACK that an honorable pensioner must feel a little uncomfortable in such company, and the kindly respect which has hitherto attended the "old pensioner" would soon disappear.

OBJECT-LESSONS.

ALLUDING to the recent remark of the WEEKLY that "before we enlarge the functions of government and vastly extend the civil service, let us establish it upon sensible principles, and guard it against the dangerous abuses of which long experience has made us fully aware," a respected correspondent remarks, "Yes; but if we thus extend the functions of government, this of itself, perhaps, will bring reform of the civil service." The suggestion recalls a little the practice of the good doctor who was "death on fits." But our correspondent adds, what history certainly largely confirms, "that parliamentary government does not correct abuses until they become intolerable, until a crisis. Were the spoils system applied to the railroad and the telegraph, chaos would come, and thus bring relief. Perhaps, indeed, the apprehension of this result would appall even the stoutest spoilsman. It was the GARFIELD tragedy that passed the PENDLETON bill." We have no doubt that the projects of a postal telegraph and of similar extensions of the functions of government are seriously and probably insuperably obstacled by the apprehension of an enormous increase of the civil service or of government patronage. And why? What is the reason of the apprehension?

It is that a serious increase of patronage is felt to be an increase of corruption. To double "the army of office-holders" is believed in a high degree to endanger our institutions. And again why? Because of the perception that under the spoils system, while public employés are nominally the servants of the people, they are really the stipendiaries of a party paid out of the public Treasury. If they were selected as the clerks and employés in any business ought to be selected, they could not because of the dependence of their places upon the favor of a politician or a party be used as party or personal agents. The illustrations of this dependence and of the consequent temptation to merge public duty in personal or party service are copious and constant. The recent United States deputy-marshal at Salamanca, in New York, was reappointed to the office by the new marshal under the present administration. But the deputy was a Democrat, and was presently removed by the marshal, who wrote to the deputy that his administration of the office had been so satisfactory that he would certainly have been retained "but for the question of politics." He added:

"Of course the Republican leaders feel, and it is true, that they are entitled to a representative of their own political faith in that position."

So far as the country and its service are concerned, such a remark is simple nonsense, unless the marshal can show that the deputy would be less efficient and honest in the discharge of his duty because Mr. HARRISON is President instead of Mr. CLEVELAND, and that he could not show without repudiating his own testimony to his character and efficiency.

It is because there is no disposition to multiply such instances as this, with all that they imply of servility and corruption, that it is useless to propose to enlarge the army of office-holders until they are organized upon some sensible principle. Moreover, it is because the discussion of the question of reform has led to the publication of such letters as that of this marshal removing honest and admirable officers, while their competency and efficiency are acknowledged in the very order of removal, that the abuse of patronage is now more generally comprehended and its correction constantly more certainly assured. The seven months of this administration, like its predecessors, have furnished the country with an object-lesson, and deepened and strengthened the resolution of reform. The folly and futility of the incessant disturbance of the business organization of the government are demonstrated with every day's causeless changes in the postal service, and they will become intolerable to an intelligent nation without multiplying the offices.

AMERICA AND DELPHI.

AN unprecedented opportunity is offered to American generosity and American scholarship by the proposed excavation of the architectural remains at Delphi, in Greece. Professor NORTON, of Cambridge, the President of the American Archæological Institute, has described the situation and the enterprise in a very interesting letter to the *Nation*. For some time the Greek government has been endeavoring to negotiate a commercial treaty with France, and as an inducement for ratification by the French government, Greece conceded to France the right to investigate the site of Delphi. The treaty, however, has been twice rejected by France. Last year, after the second rejection, our Minister at Athens learned, upon inquiry from the Prime-Minister of Greece, that the concession of the right to excavate was now open to other agreements. But he added that the expense of the expropriation of the village of Kastri, upon the site of Delphi, would be very large, and perhaps prove to be a serious obstacle.

The opportunity, however, of undertaking the most splendid work now feasible for archæological scholarship seemed to American students and friends of classical research to be well worth the cost, and at a meeting called a few months since by Bishop POTTER in New York, a committee from among the foremost citizens was appointed to secure a permanent fund for the prosecution of the work. Their success was obstructed by apparently authorized statements that the claims of France were still morally valid, and that our interference, therefore, was unjustifiable. The Prime-Minister of Greece, however, corrected this misapprehension, saying that the French were entirely out of the account, and would not obtain the con-

cession, even if we refuse it. The council of the Archæological Institute have consequently renewed the appeal for subscriptions, and engage to conduct the investigation for five years, if a sum of not less than $75,000 be raised for the purchase and expropriation of land at Kastri. The appeal does not exaggerate the historic interest and importance of the work. It says, truly:

"The centre of Greek religion for centuries, the site of its most famous oracle, the meeting-place of its greatest council, the locality adorned by many of the noblest works of the incomparable genius of the Greeks, and crowded with poetic as well as historic associations throughout the whole period of the glory of Greece, Delphi will be forever one of the most sacred seats of the life of the human race."

The debt of modern civilization to the refining and elevating influence of Greece is incalculable. To no other country, except to Syria, does Christendom owe so much. The secret of the permanent power of that little country over the development of every nation is peculiarly interesting to America. The vast empire of material and political prosperity, and of the greatest good of condition for the greatest number, may well study the power of a people whose enduring influence sprang neither from size, nor numbers, nor industry, nor arms, but from the genius of art and literature. Germany and France and England and other great states have conducted explorations and investigations in Greece with the happiest results in the enlargement of knowledge and the cultivation of the higher intellectual and spiritual interests and tastes. It is hard to believe that the unequalled opportunity of similar achievement now offered to America will not be gladly and promptly improved.

PROSPECTS IN OHIO.

JUDGE DICKSON, of Cincinnati, an original Republican who last year voted for Mr. CLEVELAND upon the tariff reform issue, has been by no means an undiscriminating admirer of Governor FORAKER. But this year he will vote for him because he holds that the election of Mr. CAMPBELL, the Democratic candidate, will be rightly claimed as a rebuke of Mr. CLEVELAND's tariff reform policy, and a declaration that Mr. CLEVELAND must be withdrawn from the next Presidential election. "So all men," he says, "who believe that tariff reform is the dominant question of the day must labor for the defeat of CAMPBELL."

The reason he gives is that the Democratic party in the State has shrunk from taking position as the party of freer trade. "It shouts tariff reform, and nominates as its chief standard-bearer one whose distinctive fame is his opposition, being a Democrat, to this reform." On the State issues, Judge DICKSON says that the most popular law in Ohio is that which taxes the saloon. It relieves honest industry from three millions of taxation, limiting the number of saloons, and lessening their evils. The law is the distinctive work of the Republican party, and has encountered the most resolute Democratic opposition. Democratic legislators have opposed it, and Democratic judges have set it aside, and the Democratic candidate for the bench at this election, otherwise a most estimable man, as Judge of the Supreme Court has given his opinion against the law. His election would imperil it.

The Democrats also oppose certain local boards appointed by the Governor which are a great improvement upon previous methods. The Cincinnati Board of Police Commissioners Judge DICKSON especially commends. Governor FORAKER bravely offended the liquor interest in recently withstanding "the saloon anarchists," and for his courageous fidelity in the contest, Judge DICKSON thinks that he may well be supported. The judge's position is a striking illustration of the political intelligence and independence from which infinitely more is to be anticipated for the country than from the "harmony" which the Republican factions have recently arranged in New York.

STATE SOCIALISM.

THERE is undoubtedly a reaction against the extreme doctrine of the "limited function" of government. Socialism, in some form and degree, is a theory much more widely tolerated and entertained than it was half a century ago. The tendency to organization upon a great scale is a sign of the feeling that the value of individual action has been exaggerated. The Nationalist movement, as it is called, is another illustration of the same conviction. The sneers of CARLYLE at the *laissez-faire*, or let alone, doctrine as final, merely anticipated views of society which are now common and familiar. The wisdom of the notion that the best government is that which governs least is not now accepted without serious reservations. It is dismissed with the old *reductio ad absurdum*:

"My pain is great because it is so small;
Then 'twould be greater were it none at all."

But if, as a shrewd political observer remarks, "the theory that government is merely a policeman is no longer maintained," it is not expedient to paralyze the individual. There is a method in what is called State Socialism which is not always recognized, and as the subject is not likely to disappear from the arena of active speculation it is worth while to state its real grounds.

The theory holds that there are certain interests of primary importance in society which are in their nature monopolies. Such are the railroad, the telegraph, the telephone, and water and gas supply in cities. These are held to be essentially exclusive. They are of such a nature that either competition cannot exist, or, if it does exist, it is so destructive that it compels consolidation of action, and competing companies are merged into one organization. A dozen companies cannot use the streets for water or gas supply, and, like parallel and rival railroads, they must "join or die." The highways and streets are the property of all or of the whole, and what belongs to the whole should not be given to a part. The money-making uses to which such common or public possessions may be devoted should benefit the whole, or the public, and not a few or a very small part of the whole. Thus the plea for public control of such common interests is not that the service would be better, but that the public would enjoy its own. Public officers might not manage a railroad better than private companies, but its profits would benefit the public, and not enrich a few men. In this view it is argued that in some of the German states there is better and cheaper railway service on government lines, and that the profits enuring to the public lighten taxation.

The modern uses of highways and streets for the greater comfort of living are mines richer than those of El Dorado. They are public property. Why should they be surrendered for private gain? If the community insists for the public convenience that letters and newspapers and parcels shall be carried by public agents, although at a great loss to the public treasury, why should it be unwilling to carry passengers and freight at a great profit to the treasury? Why could it not as well and easily supply the public with gas and water as with letter carriage, especially if the result should be a greatly increased public revenue? This is the question of State Socialism. But its premise covers more than it always admits. It may be sound; but it leads to HENRY GEORGE's theory of land-ownership. The land is as much the property of the whole as the uses of any part of the land, such as streets, or railroad beds, or necessities drawn from it, such as gas and water. Why should not the community dispose of the land itself in such wise as to promote its own advantage, instead of suffering it to be appropriated for private gain? Practically these are all questions of high expediency rather than of abstract right. The argument for the post-office is not theoretical. It is simply that the community holds it to be for its interest that it should take charge of the whole mail carriage, and prohibit private participation in the business. There are many other applications of the same view of expediency, and State Socialism merely carries them to the extreme.

THE REMOVAL OF THE NAVAL OFFICER.

THE removal of Mr. SILAS W. BURT, the Naval Officer at New York, takes from the public service in the prime of his life, and without any cause whatever, one of the most upright, able, and experienced of public officers. If the President who removes him, and the party which elected the President, had not made a distinct engagement with the country not to make such removals, the dismissal of Mr. BURT might be regarded as due to the customary usage.

The party declared in its platform that "the spirit and purpose of reform should be observed in all executive appointments." And the President, in accepting the nomination, said that if elected it would be his sincere purpose to advance reform; that fitness, not party service, should be the essential test in appointments; that fidelity and efficiency should be the only sure tenure of office, and that only the interests of the public service should suggest removals from office. No public man ever made more definite declarations than these, which were in the nature of pledges to obtain votes, and every one of these pledges has been violated in the removal of Mr. BURT.

His peculiar fitness and his tried and acknowledged fidelity and efficiency have never been and cannot be honestly questioned, and the President himself would not allege that the interests of the public service have suggested or could suggest his removal. If Mr. BURT had been in any sense whatever an obnoxious partisan, a good reason might have been alleged for his removal. If his official term had expired, his dismissal to make a place to reward the partisan service of another, although it would have been a distinct violation of a pledge, would have seemed to the public more tolerable. But as it is, no legitimate reason whatever can be urged, except that the President chooses to treat the public service not as a trust, but as spoils.

Three years ago Senator HARRISON said:

"I do lift up a hearty prayer that we may never have a President who will not either pursue, and compel his cabinet to pursue, the civil service policy pure and simple, and upon a just basis, allowing men accused to be heard, and deciding against them only upon competent proof and fairly—either have that kind of a civil service, or, for God's sake, let us have that other, frank and bold, if brutal, method of turning men and women out solely for political opinion. Let us have one or the other."

The Senator has answered his own prayer. He has become President, and he has chosen the bold, if brutal, method.

PUBLISHING THE ELIGIBLE LISTS.

THE opening of the eligible lists of the civil service examinations to the public, which seemed to ex-Commissioner OBERLY to be almost fatal to the law, we are glad to learn from Indianapolis has been of obvious service, and not of harm. This, indeed, as we have already suggested, might fairly have been expected. For if the publication of the lists enables the trading politician to know which of his henchmen may be eligible, the public can also see whether the selections are made in order. If they are not, suspicion will be instantly aroused, and the presumption of illicit motive will be so plain that the appointing officer will be probably invited to explain, or to lie under suspicion.

In Indianapolis Postmaster WALLACE announces to all inquirers that he proposes to select from the head of the list, unless there is a good business reason for doing otherwise. His practice thus far has proceeded upon this sound principle, and naturally the public and the successful competitors watch his course with a keen eye. Could any plan be more sensible and simple than to register the competitors according to the results of the examination, and then to select those who are presumptively best qualified? Appointment, however, it must be remembered, is not determined by the examination, but by the probation. The staple question, "How can you tell by an examination that a man is fitted for a place?" is answered by the other, "How can you tell without it?" The examiners are quite as competent advisers as a committee of "the boys," or as a Representative or Senator bent upon rewarding a follower for getting up at midnight and riding upon his errands, which Senator INGALLS holds to be a good qualification for the public service. But under a common-sense system the final appointment depends upon proof of capacity by actual performance of duty. The more light thrown upon the selection, the better, as the Indianapolis post-office shows.

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX.

THE late SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX was one of the few noted men in public life whose reputation is below their merit. His effervescent humor and gay *camaraderie* somewhat concealed his real ability and service. Few men in Congress were better equipped for legislative duty. He was thoroughly familiar with many most important public questions, such as the postal service, the life-saving service, the census, and especially the tariff. His parliamentary experience and knowledge were very great, and in all his active political career, extending through more than a generation, his good name was unsullied.

Politically Mr. COX was always a Democrat. But during the civil war the government could count surely upon his support for all essential measures, and Mr. SEWARD was glad to consult with him upon the disposition of his party associates, confident of his entire sincerity. As a debater he held the House, partly, no doubt, in expectation of sallies of humor, but largely by the expectation of instruction, which was not generally disappointed. His gayety was sometimes rollicking, and in all the war in partisan controversies of his time he probably never made an enemy.

Mr. COX wrote many books, and he had literary tastes. But his name will be remembered as a public man—a partisan, but not without independence, and of truly patriotic instincts and purposes. He had a very large circle of acquaintances and friends, and his warm and frank nature attached them to him very closely. Upright, gentle, generous, and true, his death will be sincerely lamented, and his place in his party and in Congress will not be easily supplied.

PERSONAL.

ONE of the most remarkable figures in Stratford, Connecticut, history received comparatively little attention at the recent celebration of the 250th anniversary of the Stratford old Presbyterian Church. This was Dr. SAMUEL JOHNSON, who is probably best known as having been for nine years the president of King's College, now Columbia. He is famous also as having made Stratford the stronghold of Episcopacy in Connecticut. A graduate of Yale College, and a Presbyterian by birth and training, he alienated most of his friends by his secession to the Episcopal faith. He went to England for ordination, and thence was sent to Stratford, to take his place in the fight there waging between the Non-conformists and this colonial branch of the Established Church of England. His grave is in a neglected graveyard, near the site of his former church, and is marked by a nameless head-stone, the lead plate bearing his name and the date of his death having been melted to help make bullets for the British, so says tradition.

—DAVID DEMAREST LLOYD, journalist and playwright, who died the other day at the untimely age of thirty-nine, was a man who combined marked individuality and force of character with great personal gentleness and amiability. No man could have been more beloved by those who knew him best, and to few newspaper workers does it come to attract such uniform respect and confidence from all with whom he came in contact.

—The golden wedding of Professor and Mrs. W. S. TYLER was quietly celebrated a few days ago. Professor TYLER holds the chair of Greek at Amherst College, and although in his eightieth year, preserves full vigor of body and mind. This college has just been enriched by another unsolicited gift of $5000 from JOHN H. SOUTHWORTH, of Springfield, Massachusetts. He had only recently presented it with a check for the same amount.

—Lord TENNYSON is credited with bestowing upon needy literary men and women the pension of $1000 a year he receives from the civil list.

—Another actor has just been buried at Kensal Green, London, which is the last resting-place of so many once famous in the literary and dramatic world. JAMES ALBERY was the husband of MARY MOORE, of the London Criterion Theatre, and the author of numerous plays, among them *The Two Roses*, which is chiefly known, perhaps, as being the drama in which HENRY IRVING first scored a brilliant success. ALBERY's habits had been wretched for years, and he would have died in absolute want had it not been for his friend B. L. FARJEON, the novelist, who paid the expenses incident to ALBERY's illness and death.

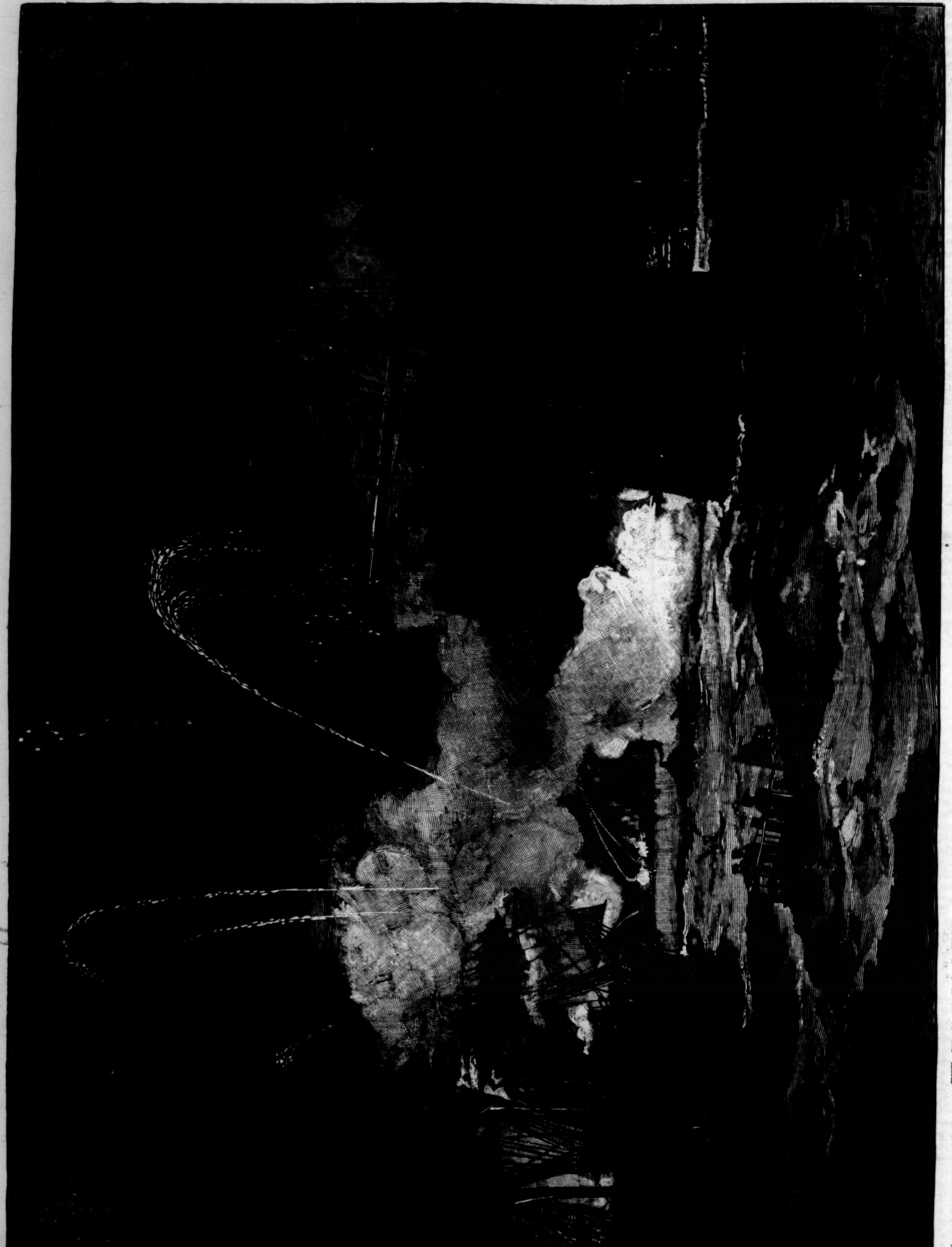
—Connecticut is rich in celebrations just now. Within a month Milford, Madison, Yarmouth, Sandwich, Stratford, and Guilford have all commemorated their 250th anniversaries. One of the most interesting old buildings in the last-named town is the famous stone house once tenanted by a colony of English Non-conformists, headed by the Rev. HENRY WHITFIELD. The house dates back to 1639, and is still in excellent repair. It has been constantly occupied for nearly two hundred and fifty years.

—HENRIK IBSEN, the Norwegian actor and playwright, whose *Doll's House* has caused so much controversy among the London dramatic critics, is described as having the air of an old Norse seaman, with his rugged features, piercing eyes, and masses of white hair and beard. He lived an almost hermit-like life for many years at Rome and Munich, but he has also been the director of a state theatre, and is the centre of a group of enthusiastic admirers at Stockholm and Christiania. IBSEN has received many decorations in other countries as well as his own, and wears them constantly.

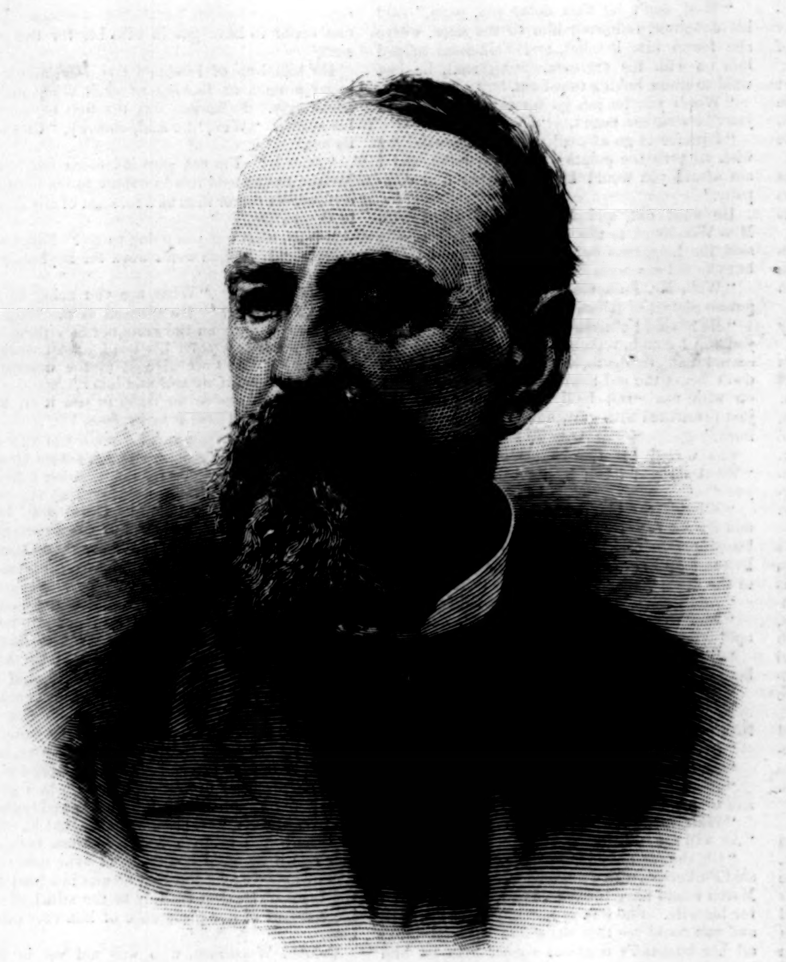
—Until recently the French workman has had no Sunday rest, but a movement to make the first day of the week a holiday has been begun on the railroad running between Paris and Lyons, and it is probable that the innovation will extend throughout the entire country.

—One of the best records in continuous horseback riding that have ever been chronicled was made recently by Lieutenant ASSIFF, who rode from Lubry, in southern Russia, to Paris, a distance of 1630 miles, in thirty days. He rode two horses alternately, one English, the other Russian.

—The late librarian of the Lenox Library, Dr. SAMUEL AUSTIN ALLIBONE, probably gained his most enduring fame through his *Dictionary of English Literature and British and American Authors*. This work, which has taken its place as a standard everywhere, occupied eighteen years of close work in preparation, and contains notices of over forty-six thousand authors. Dr. ALLIBONE also published a number of theological treatises, tracts, handbooks of literature, and *An Alphabetical Index to the New Testament*. He held his post at the Lenox Library for ten years, but was forced to give it up on account of ill health.



THE SHAM NAVAL BATTLE AT BALTIMORE—THE BOMBARDMENT OF FORT McHENRY.—Drawn by F. Cresson Schell.—[See Page 759.]



THE LATE SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX, REPRESENTATIVE FROM THE NINTH CONGRESSIONAL DISTRICT OF NEW YORK.—[See Page 758.]

A HAZARD OF NEW FORTUNES.*

BY WILLIAM DEAN HOWELLS.

PART FOURTH.

VIII.

Fulkerson parted with the Marches in such trouble of mind that he did not feel able to meet that night the people whom he usually kept so gay at Mrs. Leighton's table. He went to Maroni's for his dinner, for this reason and for others more obscure. He could not expect to do anything more with Dryfoos at once; he knew that Dryfoos must feel that he had already made an extreme concession to March, and he believed that if he was to get anything more from him it must be after Dryfoos had dined. But he was not without the hope, vague and indefinite as it might be, that he should find Lindau at Maroni's, and perhaps should get some concession from him, some word of regret or apology which he could report to Dryfoos, and at least make the means of reopening the affair with him; perhaps Lindau, when he knew how matters stood, would back down altogether, and for March's sake would withdraw from all connection with *Every Other Week* himself, and so leave everything serene. Fulkerson felt capable, in his desperation, of delicately suggesting such a course to Lindau, or even of plainly advising it: he did not care for Lindau a great deal, and he did care a great deal for the magazine.

But he did not find Lindau at Maroni's; he only found Beaton. He sat looking at the doorway as Fulkerson entered, and Fulkerson naturally came and took a place at his table. Something in Beaton's large-eyed solemnity of aspect invited Fulkerson to confidence, and he said, as he pulled his napkin open and strung it, still a little damp (as the scanty, often-washed linen at Maroni's was apt to be), across his knees, "I was looking for you this morning, to talk with you about the Christmas number, and I was a good deal worked up because I couldn't find you; but I guess I might as well have spared myself my emotions."

"Why?" asked Beaton, briefly.

"Well, I don't know as there's going to be any Christmas number."

"Why?" Beaton asked again.

"Row between the financial angel and the literary editor about the chief translator and polyglot smeller."

"Lindau?"

"Lindau is his name."

"What does the literary editor expect after Lindau's expression of his views last night?"

"I don't know what he expected, but the ground he took with the old man was that as Lindau's opinions didn't characterize his work on the magazine he would not be made the instrument of punishing him for them: the old man wanted him turned off, as he calls it."

"Seems to be pretty good ground," said Beaton, impartially, while he speculated, with a dull trouble at heart, on the effect the row would have on his own fortunes. His late visit home had made him feel that the claim of his family upon him for some repayment of help given could not be much longer delayed; with his mother sick and his father growing old, he must begin to do something for them, but up to this time he had spent his salary even faster than he had earned it: when Fulkerson came in he was wondering whether he could get him to increase it, if he threatened to give up his work, and he wished that he was enough in love with Margaret Vance, or even Christine Dryfoos, to marry her, only to end in the sorrowful conviction that he was really in love with Alma Leighton, who had no money, and who had apparently no wish to be married for love, even. "And what are you going to do about it?" he asked, listlessly.

"Be dogged if I know *what* I'm going to do about it," said Fulkerson. "I've been round all day, trying to pick up the pieces—row began right after breakfast this morning—and one time I thought I'd got the thing all put together again. I got the old man to say that he had spoken to March a little too authoritatively about Lindau; that in fact he ought to have communicated his wishes through me; and that he was willing to have me get rid of Lindau, and March needn't have anything to do with it. I thought that was pretty white, but March says the apologies and regrets are all well enough in their way, but they leave the main question where they found it."

"What is the main question?" Beaton asked, pouring himself out some Chianti; as he set the flask down he made the reflection that if he would drink water instead of Chianti he could send his father three dollars a week, on his back debts, and he resolved to do it.

"The main question, as March looks at it, is the question of punishing Lindau for his private opinions; he says that if he consents to *my* bouncing the old fellow it's the same as if *he* bounced him."

"It might have that complexion in some lights," said Beaton. He drank off his Chianti, and thought he would have it twice a week, or make Maroni keep the half-bottles over for him, and send his father two dollars. "And what are you going to do now?"

"That's what I don't know," said Fulkerson, ruefully. After a moment he said, desperately, "Beaton, you've got a pretty good head; why don't you suggest something?"

"Why don't you let March go?" Beaton suggested.

"Ah, I couldn't," said Fulkerson. "I got him to break-up in Boston and come here; I like him; nobody else could get the hang of the thing like he has; he's—a friend." Fulkerson said this with the nearest approach he could make to seriousness, which was a kind of unhappiness.

Beaton shrugged. "Oh, if you can afford to have ideals, I congratulate you. They're too expensive for *me*. Then, suppose you get rid of Dryfoos?"

Fulkerson laughed forlornly. "Go on, Bildad. Like to sprinkle a few ashes over my boils? Don't mind *me!*"

They both sat silent a little while, and then Beaton said, "I suppose you haven't seen Dryfoos the second time?"

"No. I came in here to gird up my loins with a little dinner before I tackled him. But something seems to be the matter with Maroni's cook. *I* don't want anything to eat."

"The cooking's about as bad as usual," said Beaton. After a moment, he added, ironically, for he found Fulkerson's misery a kind of relief from his own, and was willing to protract it as long as it was amusing: "Why not try an envoy extraordinary and minister plenipotentiary?"

"What do you mean?"

"Get that other old fool to go to Dryfoos for you!"

"Which other old fool? The old fools seem to be as thick as flies."

"That Southern one."

"Colonel Woodburn?"

"Mmmmm."

"He *did* seem to rather take to the Colonel!" Fulkerson mused aloud.

"Of course he did. Woodburn, with his idiotic talk about patriarchal slavery, is the man on horseback to Dryfoos's muddy imagination. He'd listen to him abjectly, and he'd do whatever Woodburn told him to do." Beaton smiled cynically.

Fulkerson got up and reached for his coat and hat. "You've struck it, old man." The waiter came up to help him on with his coat; Fulkerson slipped a dollar in his hand. "Never mind the coat; you can give the rest of my dinner to the poor, Paolo. Beaton, shake! You've saved my life, little boy, though I don't think you meant it." He took Beaton's hand and solemnly pressed it, and then almost ran out of the door.

They had just reached coffee at Mrs. Leighton's when he arrived, and sat down with them, and began to put some of the life of his new hope into them. His appetite revived, and after protesting that he would not take anything but coffee, he went back and ate some of the earlier courses. But with the pressure of his purpose driving him forward, he did not conceal from Miss Woodburn, at least, that he was eager to get her apart from the rest for some reason. When he accomplished this, it seemed as if he had contrived it all himself, but perhaps he had not wholly contrived it.

"I'm so glad to get a chance to speak to you alone," he said at once; and while she waited for the next word he made a pause, and then said, desperately, "I want you to help me; and if you can't help me, there's no help for me."

"Mah goodness," she said, "is the case so bad as that? What in the wo'ld is the trouble?"

"Yes, it's a bad case," said Fulkerson. "I want your father to help me."

"Oh, Ah thoat you said *me!*"

"Yes; I want you to help me with your father. I suppose I ought to go to him at once, but I'm a little afraid of him."

"And you awe not afraid of *me?* Ah don't think that's very flattering, Mr. Fulkerson. You ought to think Ah'm twahce as awful as papa."

"Oh, I do! You see, I'm quite paralyzed before you, and so I don't feel anything."

"Well, it's a pretty lahvely kyand of paralysis. But—go on."

"AND FULKERSON HELPED HIM ON WITH HIS OVERCOAT."

* Begun in Harper's Weekly No. 1683.

"I will—I will. If I can only begin."

"Pohaps Ah maght begin fo' you."

"No, you can't. Lord knows, I'd like to let you. Well, it's like this."

Fulkerson made a clutch at his hair, and then, after another hesitation, he abruptly laid the whole affair before her. He did not think it necessary to state the exact nature of the offence Lindau had given Dryfoos, for he doubted if she could grasp it, and he was profuse of his excuses for troubling her with the matter, and of wonder at himself for having done so. In the rapture of his concern at having perhaps made a fool of himself, he forgot why he had told her; but she seemed to like having been confided in, and she said, "Well, Ah don't see what you can do with you' ahdeals of friendship, except stand bah Mr. Mawch."

"My ideals of friendship? What do you mean?"

"Oh, don't you suppose we know? Mr. Beaton said you we' a pofect Bahyard in friendship, and you would sacrifice anything to it."

"Is that so?" said Fulkerson, thinking how easily he could sacrifice Lindau in this case. He had never supposed before that he was so chivalrous in such matters, but he now began to see it in that light, and he wondered that he could ever have entertained for a moment the idea of throwing March over.

"But, Ah most *say*," Miss Woodburn went on, "Ah don't envy you you' next interview with Mr. Dryfoos. Ah suppose you'll have to see him at once aboat it."

The conjecture recalled Fulkerson to the object of his confidences. "Ah, there's where your help comes in. I've exhausted all the influence *I* have with Dryfoos—"

"Good gracious, you don't expect *Ah* could have any!"

They both laughed at the comic dismay with which she conveyed the preposterous notion; and Fulkerson said, "If I judged from myself, I should expect you to bring him round instantly."

"Oh, *thank* you, Mr. Fulkerson," she said, with mock-meekness.

"Not at all. But it isn't Dryfoos I want you to help me with; it's your father. I want your father to interview Dryfoos for me, and I—I'm afraid to ask him."

"Poo' Mr. Fulkerson!" she said, and she insinuated something through her burlesque compassion that lifted him to the skies. He swore in his heart that the woman never lived who was so witty, so wise, so beautiful, and so good. "Come raght with me this minute, if the cyoast's clea'." She went to the door of the dining-room and looked in across its gloom to the little gallery where her father sat beside a lamp reading his evening paper; Mrs. Leighton could be heard in colloquy with the cook below, and Alma had gone to her room. She beckoned Fulkerson with the hand outstretched behind her, and said, "Go and ask him."

"Alone!" he palpitated.

"Oh, what a cyowahd!" she cried, and went with him. "Ah suppose you'll want me to tell him aboat it."

"Well, I wish you'd begin, Miss Woodburn," he said. "The fact is, you know, I've been over it so much I'm kind of sick of the thing."

Miss Woodburn advanced, and put her hand on her father's shoulder. "Look heah, papa! Mr. Fulkerson wants to ask you something, and he wants me to do it fo' him."

The Colonel looked up through his glasses with the sort of ferocity elderly men sometimes have to put on in order to keep their glasses from falling off. His daughter continued:

"He's got into an awful difficulty with his edito' and his proprieto', and he wants you to pacify them."

"I do not know whethah I understand the case exactly," said the Colonel, "but Mr. Fulkerson may command me to the extent of my ability."

"You don't understand it aftah what Ah've said?" cried the girl. "Then Ah don't see but what you'll have to explain it you'self, Mr. Fulkerson."

"Well, Miss Woodburn has been so luminous about it, Colonel," said Fulkerson, glad of the joking shape she had given the affair, "that I can only throw in a little side light here and there."

The Colonel listened, as Fulkerson went on, with a grave, diplomatic satisfaction. He felt gratified, honored, even, he said, by Mr. Fulkerson's appeal to him; and probably it gave him something of the high joy that an affair of honor would have brought him in the days when he had arranged for meetings between gentlemen. Next to bearing a challenge, this work of composing a difficulty must have been grateful. But he gave no outward sign of his satisfaction in making a *résumé* of the case so as to get the points clearly in his mind.

"I was afraid, sir," he said, with the state due to the serious nature of the facts, "that Mr. Lindau had given Mr. Dryfoos offence by some of his questions at the dinner table last night."

"Perfect red rag to a bull," Fulkerson put in; and then he wanted to withdraw his words at the Colonel's look of displeasure.

"I have no reflections to make upon Mr. Lindau," Colonel Woodburn continued, and Fulkerson felt grateful to him for going on; "I do not agree with Mr. Lindau; I totally disagree with him on sociological points; but the course of the conversation had invited him to the expression of his convictions, and he had a right to express them, so far as they had no personal bearing."

"Of course," said Fulkerson, while Miss Woodburn perched on the arm of her father's chair.

"At the same time, sir, I think that if Mr. Dryfoos felt a personal censure in Mr. Lindau's questions concerning his suppression of the strike among his workmen, he had a right to resent it."

"Exactly," Fulkerson assented.

"But it must be evident to you, sir, that a high-spirited gentleman like Mr. March—I confess that my feelings are with him very warmly in the matter—could not submit to dictation of the nature you describe."

"Yes, I see," said Fulkerson; and with that strange duplex action of the human mind, he wished that it was *his* hair, and not her father's, that Miss Woodburn was poking apart with the corner of her fan.

"Mr. Lindau," the Colonel concluded, "was right from his point of view, and Mr. Dryfoos was equally right. The position of Mr. March is perfectly correct—"

His daughter dropped to her feet from his chair arm. "Mah goodness! If nobody's in the wrong, ho' awe you evah going to get the mattah straight?"

"Yes; you see," Fulkerson added, "nobody can give in."

"Pardon me," said the Colonel, "the case is one in which all can give in."

"I don't know which 'll begin," said Fulkerson.

The Colonel rose. "Mr. Lindau must begin, sir. *We* must begin by seeing Mr. Lindau, and securing from him the assurance that in the expression of his peculiar views he had no intention of offering any personal offence to Mr. Dryfoos. If I have formed a correct estimate of Mr. Lindau, this will be perfectly simple."

Fulkerson shook his head. "But it wouldn't help. Dryfoos don't care a rap whether Lindau meant any personal offence or not. As far as that is concerned, he's got a hide like a hippopotamus. But what he hates is Lindau's opinions, and what he says is that no man who holds such opinions shall have any work from him. And what March says is that no man shall be punished through him for his opinions, he don't care what they are."

The Colonel stood a moment in silence. "And what do you expect me to do under the circumstances?"

"I came to you for advice—I thought you might suggest—"

"Do you wish me to see Mr. Dryfoos?"

"Well, that's about the size of it," Fulkerson admitted. "You see, Colonel," he hastened on, "I know that you have a great deal of influence with him; that article of yours is about the only thing he's ever read in *Every Other Week*, and he's proud of your acquaintance. Well, you know," and here Fulkerson brought in the figure that struck him so much in Beaton's phrase, and had been on his tongue ever since, "you're the man on horseback to him; and he'd be more apt to do what you say than if anybody else said it."

"You are very good, sir," said the Colonel, trying to be proof against the flattery, "but I am afraid you overrate my influence." Fulkerson let him ponder the matter silently, and his daughter governed her impatience by holding her fan against her lips. Whatever the process was in the Colonel's mind, he said at last: "I see no good reason for declining to act for you, Mr. Fulkerson, and I shall be very happy if I can be of service to you. But"—he stopped Fulkerson from cutting in with precipitate thanks—"I think I have a right, sir, to ask what your course will be in the event of failure?"

"Failure?" Fulkerson repeated, in dismay.

"Yes, sir. I will not conceal from you that this mission is one not wholly agreeable to my feelings."

"Oh, I understand that, Colonel, and I assure you that I appreciate, I—"

"There is no use trying to blink the fact, sir, that there are certain aspects of Mr. Dryfoos's character in which he is not a gentleman. We have alluded to this fact before, and I need not dwell upon it now. I may say, however, that my misgivings were not wholly removed last night."

"No," Fulkerson assented; though in his heart he thought the old man had behaved very well.

"What I wish to say now is that I cannot consent to act for you, in this matter, merely as an intermediary whose failure would leave the affair *in statu quo*."

"I see," said Fulkerson.

"And I should like some intimation, some assurance, as to which party your own feelings are with in the difference."

The Colonel bent his eyes sharply on Fulkerson; Miss Woodburn let hers fall; Fulkerson felt that he was being tested, and he said, to gain time, "As between Lindau and Dryfoos?" though he knew this was not the point.

"As between Mr. Dryfoos and Mr. March," said the Colonel.

Fulkerson drew a long breath, and took his courage in both hands. "There can't be any choice for me in such a case. I'm for March, every time."

The Colonel seized his hand, and Miss Woodburn said, "If there had been any choice fo' you in such a case, I should never have let papa sti' a step with you."

"Why, in regard to that," said the Colonel, with a literal application of the idea, "was it your intention that we should both go?"

"Well, I don't know; I suppose it was."

"I think it will be better for me to go alone," said the Colonel; and, with a color from his experience in affairs of honor, he added: "In these matters a principal cannot appear without compromising his dignity. I believe I have all the points clearly in mind, and I think I should act more freely in meeting Mr. Dryfoos alone."

Fulkerson tried to hide the eagerness with which he met these agreeable views. He felt himself exalted in some sort to the level of the Colonel's sentiments, though it would not be easy to say whether this was through the desperation bred of having committed himself to March's side, or through the buoyant hope he had that the Colonel would succeed in his mission. "I'm not afraid to talk with Dryfoos about it," he said.

"There is no question of courage," said the Colonel. "It is a question of dignity—of personal dignity."

"Well, don't let that delay you, papa," said his daughter, following him to the door, where she found him his hat, and Fulkerson helped him on with his overcoat. "Ah shall be jost wald to know ho' it's toned oat."

"Won't you let me go up to the house with you?" Fulkerson began. "I needn't go in—"

"I prefer to go alone," said the Colonel. "I wish to turn the points over in my mind, and I am afraid you would find me rather dull company."

He went out, and Fulkerson returned with Miss Woodburn to the drawing-room, where she said the Leightons were. They were not there, but she did not seem disappointed.

"Well, Mr. Fulkerson," she said, "you *have* got an ahdeal of friendship, su' enough."

"Me?" said Fulkerson. "Oh, my Lord! Don't you see I couldn't do anything else? And I'm scared half to death, anyway. If the Colonel don't bring the old man round, I reckon it's all up with me. But he'll fetch him. And I'm just prostrated with gratitude to you, Miss Woodburn."

She waved his thanks aside with her fan. "What do you mean by its being all up with you?"

"Why, if the old man sticks to his position, and I stick to March, we've both got to go overboard together. Dryfoos owns the magazine; he can stop it, or he can stop us, which amounts to the same thing, as far as we're concerned."

"And then what?" the girl pursued.

"And then, nothing—till we pick ourselves up."

"Do you mean that Mr. Dryfoos will put you both oat of your places?"

"He may."

"And Mr. Mawch takes the risk of that jost fo' a principle?"

"I reckon."

"And you do it jost fo' an ahdeal?"

"It won't do to own it. I must have my little axe to grind, somewhere."

"Well, men *awe* splendid," sighed the girl. "Ah will *say* it."

"Oh, they're not so much better than women," said Fulkerson, with a nervous jocosity. "I guess March would have backed down if it hadn't been for his wife. She was as hot as pepper about it, and you could see that she would have sacrificed all her husband's relations sooner than let him back down an inch from the stand he had taken. It's pretty easy for a man to stick to a principle if he has a woman to stand by him. But when you come to play it alone—"

"Mr. Fulkerson," said the girl, solemnly, "*Ah* will stand bah you in this, if all the woald tones against you." The tears came into her eyes, and she put out her hand to him.

"You *will?*" he shouted, in a rapture. "In every way—and always—as long as you live? Do you mean it?" He had caught her hand to his breast and was grappling it tight there, and drawing her to him.

The changing emotions chased each other through her heart and over her face: dismay, shame, pride, tenderness. "You don't *believe*," she said, hoarsely, "that I meant *that?*"

"No, but I hope you *do* mean it; for if you don't, nothing else means anything."

There was no space, there was only a point, of wavering. "Ah *do* mean it."

When they lifted their eyes from each other again it was half past ten. "No' you most go," she said.

"But the Colonel—our fate?"

"The Co'nel is often out late, and Ah'm not afraid of any fate, no' that we've taken it into ouah own hands." She looked at him with dewy eyes of trust, of inspiration.

"Oh, it's going to come out all right," he said. "It can't come out wrong now, no matter what happens. But who'd have thought it, when I came into this house, in such a state of sin and misery, half an hour ago—"

"Three houahs and a half ago!" she said. "No' you most jost go. Ah'm tahed to death. Good-night. You can come in the mawning to see—papa." She opened the door, and pushed him out with enrapturing violence, and he ran laughing down the steps into her father's arms.

"Why, Colonel! I was just going up to meet you." He really thought he would walk off his exultation in that direction.

"I am very sorry to say, Mr. Fulkerson," the Colonel began, gravely, "that Mr. Dryfoos adheres to his position."

"Oh, all right," said Fulkerson, with unabated joy. "It's what I expected. Well, my course is clear; I shall stand by March, and I guess the world won't come to an end if he bounces us both. But I'm everlastingly obliged to *you*, Colonel Woodburn, and I don't know what to say to you. I—I won't detain you now; it's so late. I'll see you in the morning. Good-ni—"

Fulkerson did not realize that it takes two to part. The Colonel laid hold of his arm and turned away with him. "I will walk toward your place with you. I can understand why you should be anxious to know the particulars of my interview with Mr. Dryfoos;" and in the statement which followed he did not spare him the smallest. It outlasted their walk, and detained them long on the steps of the *Every Other Week* building. But at the end, Fulkerson let himself in with his key as light of heart as if he had been listening to the gayest promises that fortune could make.

By the time he met March at the office next morning, a little, but only a very little, misgiving saddened his golden heaven. He took March's hand with high courage, and said, "Well, the old man sticks to his point, March." He added, with the sense of saying it before Miss Woodburn, "And *I* stick by *you*. I've thought it all over, and I'd rather be right with you than wrong with him."

"Well, I appreciate your motive, Fulkerson," said March. "But perhaps—perhaps we can save over our heroics for another occasion. Lindau seems to have got in with his for the present."

He told him of Lindau's last visit, and they stood a moment looking at each other rather sneakingly. Fulkerson was the first to recover his spirits. "Well," he said, cheerily, "that lets us out."

"Does it? I'm not sure it lets *me* out," said March; but he said this in tribute to his crippled self-respect rather than as a forecast of any action in the matter.

"Why, what are you going to do?" Fulkerson asked. "If Lindau won't work for Dryfoos, you can't make him."

March sighed. "What are you going to do with this money?" He glanced at the heap of bills he had flung on the table between them.

Fulkerson scratched his head. "Ah, dogged if *I* know. Can't we give it to the deserving poor, somehow, if we can find 'em?"

"I suppose we've no right to use it in any way. You must give it to Dryfoos."

"To the deserving rich? Well, you can always find *them*. I reckon you don't want to appear in the transaction; *I* don't, either; but I guess I must." Fulkerson gathered up the money and carried it to Conrad. He directed him to account for it in his books as conscience-money, and he enjoyed the joke more than Conrad seemed to do when he was told where it came from.

Fulkerson was able to wear off the disagreeable impression the affair left during the course of the forenoon, and he met Miss Woodburn with all a lover's buoyancy when he went to lunch. She was as happy as he when he told her how fortunately the whole thing had ended, and he took her view that it was a reward of his courage in having dared the worst. They both felt, as the newly plighted always do, that they were in the best relations with the beneficent powers, and that their felicity had been especially looked to in the disposition of events. They were in a glow of rapturous content with themselves and radiant worship of each other; she was sure that he merited the bright future opening to them both, as much as if he owed it directly to some noble action of his own; he felt that he was indebted for the favor of Heaven entirely to the still incredible accident of her preference of him over other men.

Colonel Woodburn, who was not yet in the secret of their love, perhaps failed for this reason to share their satisfaction with a result so unexpectedly brought about. The blessing on their hopes seemed to his ignorance to involve certain sacrifices of personal feeling at which he hinted in suggesting that Dryfoos should now be asked to make some abstract concessions and acknowledgments; his daughter hastened to deny that these were at all necessary; and Fulkerson eagerly explained why. The thing was over; what was the use of opening it up again?

"Perhaps none," the Colonel admitted. But he added, "I should like the opportunity of taking Mr. Lindau's hand in the presence of Mr. Dryfoos, and assuring him that I considered him a man of principle and a man of honor; a gentleman, sir, whom I was proud and happy to have known."

"Well, Ah've no doabt," said his daughter, demurely, "that you'll have the chance, some day; and we would all lahke to join you. But at the same tahme, I think Mr. Fulkerson is well oat of it fo' the present."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SAMUEL SULLIVAN COX.

Hon. S. S. Cox died at his home in New York city, Tuesday, September 10th. For several days he had been ill with acute peritonitis, which he is supposed to have contracted in Washington. He went to that city on business for a constituent, and while there slept in an unfinished new house which he was building.

Mr. Cox was very nearly sixty-five years old. He was born in Zanesville, Ohio, September 30, 1824. His father was a leading politician and a lawyer. His maternal grandfather, Samuel Sullivan, was one of the best known men of Ohio, and at one time its State Treasurer. Mr. Cox was a graduate of Brown University in the class of 1846, having previously been a student at the Ohio University at Athens. He studied law, and in due course was admitted to the bar. Politics and literature, however, were more interesting to him than litigation or the office work of a practitioner, and after a few years he became the owner and editor of the Columbus *Statesman*. In the mean time he had made his first journey to Europe, and published his first book, *A Buckeye Abroad*. One of Mr. Cox's literary achievements while he was the editor of the *Statesman*, a florid description of a sunset, is said to have procured for him the nickname by which he has been known during his public career, although he used to assert that his initials, S. S., and his birth in the West suggested the name. Mr. Cox's paper was Democratic, and on his election to the Presidency Franklin Pierce offered to appoint him Secretary of Legation at London. Mr. Cox declined, but in 1855 accepted the same office at Peru. Two years afterward, in 1857, he made his first appearance in Congress. He was then thirty-three years old, and with the exception of short intervals, amounting altogether to about five years, he has ever since been a member of the House of Representatives, and one of the most useful legislators of his time.

He represented the Columbus district for eight years—from 1857 until the close of the war—being always a strong friend of the Union, and a supporter of Mr. Lincoln's administration. In 1866 Mr. Cox failed to obtain a re-election from his Ohio district. Returning home, he wrote the book entitled *Eight Years in Congress*.

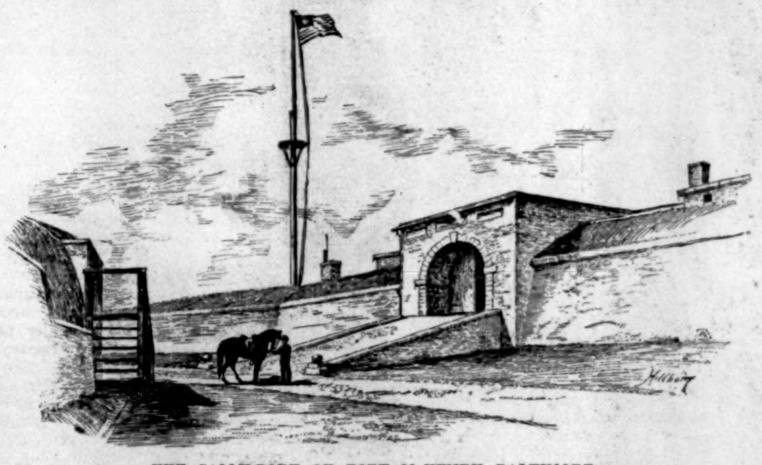
By his service as a legislator he had obtained

a national reputation, and was one of the most popular Democrats in the country. In 1863 he was the candidate of his party for the Speakership, his Republican opponent being Mr. Colfax. He was not only liked for certain genial qualities, but leading Democrats recognized his value, and desired his continued presence in Congress. Their party was so small in numbers in the House of Representatives that it was very important that it should be composed of the most useful material. Mr. Cox was urged to move to New York, and, listening to the urging, he soon acquired a profitable practice, and was elected to Congress in 1868. He was elected in 1870, Horace Greeley being his opponent, as Congressman-at-large. In 1872 he was defeated for the same office by Mr. Lyman Tremain. His popularity was manifested by his running ahead of his ticket by several thousand. He was out of Congress, however, only a few months, and practically he did not lose a session, for, on the death of Mr. James Brooks, in the following spring, he was chosen as his successor. From this time, until Mr. Cleveland appointed him Minister to Turkey, he was constantly re-elected. On one occasion only forty-one votes were cast against him. He was appointed to Turkey in 1885, and returned, and was chosen to fill the seat made vacant by the resignation of Mr. Joseph Pulitzer. Twice again he was re-elected, and he was a member of the House of Representatives whose life began on the 4th of last March.

Mr. Cox's mission to Turkey was very creditable to him, and that he thoroughly enjoyed his life in the East is shown by the two books which he wrote during his residence there—*The Diversions of a Diplomat in Turkey*, and *The Isles of the Princes; or, the Pleasures of Prinkipo*. He was a favorite of the Sultan, and was of great service to American residents and travellers in Turkey. But the labors of the law-making body were a delight to Mr. Cox, and he was unable to remain long away from the contests of the House of Representatives.

Mr. Cox was one of the best-liked and most misunderstood of our public men. He had a reputation for wit and humor, and as a ready and somewhat tonguey debater, which obscured his sound ability and great industry. It was his ambition to be Speaker of the House of Representatives. He was a candidate after Mr. Kerr's death, but was defeated by Mr. Randall. In 1876 he was chosen Speaker *pro tem.*, but vacated the office after holding it for five days, to attend the St. Louis Democratic Convention. He was also a candidate when Mr. Carlisle was first elected. Mr. Cox always felt that his reputation for fun had stood in the way of his advancement. His services on the floor were of great importance to the commercial interests of the country. He was the author of the acts for the censuses of 1880 and 1890, and to his activity in support of the Superintendent of the Census of ten years ago is largely due the success and completeness of his work. He was the founder of the Life-saving Service. He was a partisan, and his readiness in debate and quickness in retort made him a great aid to his party in a political discussion, but he never permitted partisanship to interfere with whatever legislative business he had in hand. Very few Congressmen have been able to so readily secure the passage of their bills as Mr. Cox. He sometimes planted a sting, but he took good care to draw it out afterward; and he good-naturedly forgave assaults upon himself.

He was always a busy man. When he was not doing the work of politics or law, he was travelling or writing. In addition to the works mentioned, he was the author of *A Search for Winter Sunbeams, Why we Laugh, Arctic Sunbeams, Three Decades of Federal Legislation, Orient Sunbeams, Free Law and Free Trade.*



THE SALLY-PORT OF FORT McHENRY, BALTIMORE.

BALTIMORE'S CELEBRATION.

When a city spends six months in getting up a great celebration, it cannot be expected to welcome a rain-storm as a feature of the display. Baltimore last week saw its hopes clouded in more ways than one. The newspaper wits had created the impression that President Harrison was a bearer of bad weather, and many looked upon his presence at Monday's parade as a prophecy of rain; but when Monday came, and brought with it President Harrison, the day was as perfect as the geniality of early autumn could make it. It was only after the President left that the storm arose and the showers began.

The rainy weather meant a net loss to Baltimore of over a million dollars, and the financial failure of the Exposition. In spite of it, however, the week was crowded with interest, and the Exposition itself, as an exposition, was a great success, and Monday's civic and trades' display was the finest that has ever been seen in the South. The enterprise was started last spring, under the combined auspices of the Maryland State Agricultural and Mechanical Association and the Maryland Exposition Association. The intention was to give an elaborate exhibit of Maryland's natural and industrial resources, to dedicate the new Post-office and United States Court-house building, and to celebrate the seventy-fifth anniversary of the battle of North Point and the bombardment of Fort McHenry. In order to give every day some extra attraction, the street parades, tournaments, and balls were added, and trotting races, with purses aggregating nearly $20,000, were distributed through the week. The Exposition, sham battle, and races were on the old Pimlico grounds, about six miles from Baltimore. The fame of this racing course is well known everywhere, but those who had visited it for years scarcely recognized it last week, because of the large number of handsome new buildings. The great parade took place in Baltimore, and the bombardment was on the Patapsco, so that the city, the river, and a large part of the adjoining country was brought into the scope of the programme. The occasion was well advertised; the transportation companies made a half-rate, and on Saturday, Sunday, and Monday, the 7th, 8th, and 9th instants, many thousand people from all sections of the country arrived in Baltimore. The household facilities were added to the hotel capacities in the accommodation of the crowds, and there was no trouble about insufficient entertainment.

The first day—Monday—was in every respect a great success. There were in the civic and trades' display nearly 20,000 men, and over 300 floats, symbolical of the historical associations of the week, and illustrative of the trade and industry of the city. The main streets were lavishly decorated. Star-spangled banners, oriole colors—orange and black—State flags, and thousands of yards of bunting were everywhere. Nearly every house had its emblems of patriotism. The route of the procession—from lower Broadway to Baltimore Street, to Eutaw, to Madison Avenue, to North Avenue, altogether about six miles—was through a succession of handsome and elaborate decorations. Baltimore Street, the principal business thoroughfare, looked like a great aisle of some huge fancy bazar. Stands were erected at every possible point, and seats and windows sold at large prices. The crowds were enormous. The presence of President Harrison, Secretary Windom, Secretary Tracy, and Governor Jackson added largely to the occasion, and around the stand which they occupied, the people thronged until every inch of space was utilized. The parade was decidedly the best that has ever been seen in Baltimore; and Baltimore prides itself on parades. It consisted of six divisions: First, was the Grand Army of the Republic, about 1000 men, among whom was Oliver Conklin, ninety-nine years of age, who fought in the defence of Baltimore 75 years ago. Second, was the Volunteer Fire Department, with delegations from New York, Brooklyn, Philadelphia, Delaware, Washington, and towns and cities in Pennsylvania and Maryland. It was a remarkably fine turnout. Following it was the City Fire Department, with its modern engines contrasting with the old machines. The Fourth Division consisted of the benevolent societies and the school children, with many fine floats. The Fifth Division, the German societies, was especially rich in representations and excellent horsemanship. The Sixth Division was the trades' display, and it was admirable from every point of view. Four columns of the Weekly could be occupied with descriptions of the floats, and then a full idea of the display could not be given.

For instance, the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in a series of five floats, illustrated the advancement of modern railroading, from a full-size representation of the first horse-power car that ran in this country, to the vestibule train. The Northern Central Road showed elaborate terminal facilities, with trains running and carrying their cargoes to the elevators, while hundreds of uniformed railroad employés marched with it. The express companies illustrated their growth. The progress of printing and the development of all the industries were splendidly shown. The floats were beautiful tableaus costing thousands of dollars, and enlivened with hundreds of figurantes in all kinds of elaborate costumes. It required four hours for the procession to pass a point. President Harrison got plenty of attention. All the floats seemed to have a present for him, and by the time the parade was over, his table had the appearance of a fancy table at a big church fair. It was piled with gifts, from a huge bouquet to a silver log cabin. The distinguished guests were banqueted after the display, and the President held a reception at the City Hall from 6 to 7.30 P.M. Monday ended in complete success.

But on Tuesday the storm began. It interfered with the events and postponed the tournament. On Wednesday the rain fell all day. On Thursday it continued; but battles are not postponed on account of the weather, and the sham representation of the victory at North Point took place in the mud, and a very exciting contest it was, in spite of the showers. Several thousand troops, consisting of United States forces (cavalry, infantry, and marines), the militia of Maryland and Delaware, and regiments from Pennsylvania and Virginia took part. The regular battle was fought with as much historical accuracy as possible, and of course the Americans won. A chorus of 500 voices celebrated their victory by singing the "Star-spangled Banner," the lyric which was born of the gallant defence of Baltimore. The other events of the week were the labor and military parades, the dedication of the Post-office, and the bombardment of Fort McHenry, in which the *Yantic*, the *Pensacola*, and the *Ossipee* took part, Fort McHenry replying to their fire, and several thousand dynamite rockets, bombshells, and floating-batteries adding to the brilliancy of the scene. The trotting races were among the best the State has ever enjoyed, and the large Exposition of all the State's resources was full of instruction and interest. President Harrison remarked that he had no idea that the State's interests were so large and so diversified, and this impression was general among all the visitors. One result of the week's patriotism will probably be an impetus to the movement to erect a monument to Francis Scott Key.

Lynn R. Meekins.

THE NOBLE GAME OF POLO.

A quick eye, a steady hand, pluck, and a well-trained pony are the principal requisites for making a successful polo player. In the mad rush for the ball, the man who fails to take every advantage offered him is likely to be at one end of the field while the ball is at the other, and is of little use to his side. The ponies, too, seem to be as anxious as their riders to keep in the van. The way in which they dart forward when the play begins, and obey the slightest touch on the bridle, seems to show that they are as interested in the game as the players.

The sport is not a hard one to learn, and the points are few. Once these are mastered, then comes the practice. A long time at this is necessary before one can venture in a match. Polo is little more than "shinny" on horseback, and who is there among the men of to-day that does not remember his boyhood days upon the ice in the winter afternoons? Who can forget the long stick with a knob on the end, the sharp-pointed bit of wood, and the "hunk" at each end of a small pond? A crowd of boys are in chase of the aforesaid bit of wood, with their sticks uplifted. They come together in a mass, down come the sticks together, but only one hits the wood; the rest land on the "shins" of the players, and they are not gentle blows either. There is no whimpering over it, and they are away in pursuit of the stick in a very short space of time.

Now it is a summer afternoon. The boys are grown up, and polo takes the place of "shinny." Instead of the clear ice sparkling in the sunlight, there is a level stretch of cool, green turf. The glittering steel of the skates is gone, and the players are on the backs of wiry, stocky ponies instead. The sharpened stick is displaced by a wooden ball, and in the hands of the players are long-handled mallets. The ponies get the blows that miss the ball now, and frequent changes are necessary. At each end of the field, which is 750 by 500 feet, two goal posts, with a flag fluttering on each, are placed twenty-five feet apart. The ball is then put in the middle of the field, and the opposing teams take up their positions at opposite ends of the grounds, facing the ball. In the front are the "chargers," one on each side, who alone have the right to put the ball in play; behind them are the "players," two on each team, and the "goal keepers," who stand in front of the goals to stop the ball should it come too near. The signal is given by the umpire, and away the chargers tear, the ball is driven across the grass, and the others then join in. The opposing teams are distinguished by their colors, the blues, the reds, and the yellows being the favorite colors.

The game of polo is of Indian origin, and was carried to England, and then to this country. It was in 1876 when the first games were played by the Westchester Polo Club on their grounds at Westchester in the early summer. From there they went to Newport in August to finish the season. In 1881 on the old Polo Grounds in One-hundred-and-tenth Street. Many a game was played by the club during succeeding Julys, and they were stopped when they were crowded out by the base-ball games. Then they played in Westchester again. The country clubs took up the game at that time, and now, from June until the end of July, there are many matches between the Westchester Club, the Rockaway Club, the Meadow Brook Club, and the Oyster Bay Club. The grounds where these clubs play are well chosen, and there are many enthusiastic spectators watching the matches, which take place at least twice a week during the season. Then the scene is transferred to Newport, and polo is in its glory.

Join the on-lookers for an afternoon, and watch the sport. The sun is getting low in the west, and the heat of the day is about over. The players have come upon the field in the coolest of costumes, and the ponies are apparently as anxious to begin as are the riders. "They're off!" and there is a confused mass of players, ponies, and mallets. Out from the melée the ball at last goes spinning across the field, and in an instant the players are in wild pursuit. One or two, with fleeter steeds than the others, are in the lead, and they may or may not be upon the same side. One gets there first, and away the ball goes toward the goal of his opponent. Another swift run, a sure blow, the ball rolls between the goal posts, and the game is won in a few seconds.

All games are not as quickly played as that. Sometimes no goal is made in twenty minutes' play, and the players take a well-earned rest. The ponies too are tired, and it generally happens that changes of mount are made during a game. From six to a dozen games are usually played in one afternoon, and accidents are rare, in spite of the reckless riding. Once in a while a player is unhorsed, but the pony is small, and the fall is not great. The success of the game in this country is largely due to the Westchester Polo Club and its officers—James Gordon Bennett, President; Colonel John Jay, Vice-President; Herman Oelrichs, Treasurer; and F. Gray Griswold, Secretary. Foxhall Keene, of the Rockaway Club, is considered one of the best players in this country.

Charles P. Sawyer.

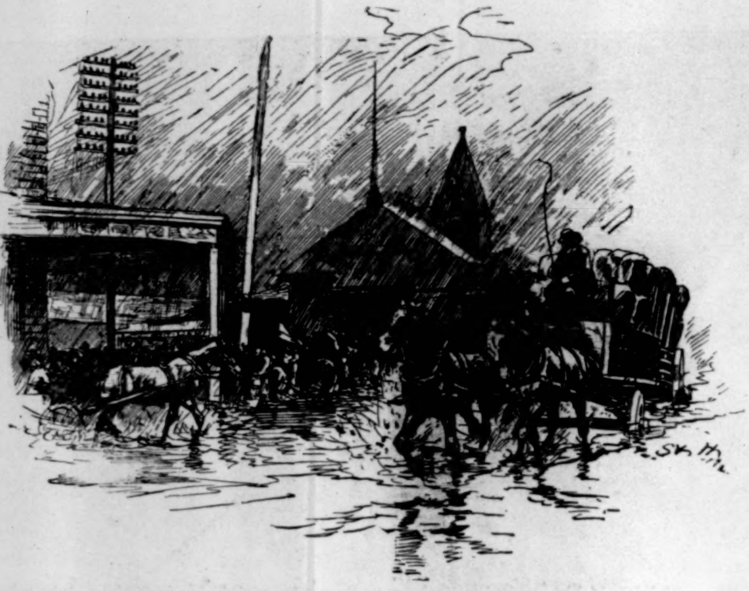
THE AGE OF PAT.

First Citizen. "They're talkin' av cillibratin' the foor-hundreth anniversary av the discovery av the country, Pat."

Second Citizen. "Begorra! an' oi didn't think that Castle Gardin was that owld."

A SCENE OF DESTRUCTION AT LOW MOOR, NEAR LONG BRANCH, DURING THE STORM.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 762.]

MANHATTAN BEACH DURING THE STORM—DESTRUCTION OF THE MARINE RAILWAY.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.—[See Page 762.]



SCENE AT THE FOOT OF BARCLAY STREET, NEW YORK.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.

THE GREAT STORM.

The violent storm which has ravaged the Atlantic sea-coast has not been surpassed, possibly not matched, in the weather records of the last half-century. It has pounded the shore with countless battering-rams from Cape Hatteras to Cape Cod, and strewn the beaches with the wreckage of summer resorts. What losses of shipping at sea, of men's lives and of men's work, which the ocean demands from time to time as rent for human leasehold, have swelled the tale of disaster cannot yet be known. The reports of devastation which have been received at the time of this writing make it sure that the great September storm will be ranked among the giants of its class, long to be remembered, even in a year which has belittled great disasters by such catastrophes as the Conemaugh flood. The terrible winds and tides, whose effects began to be felt on the Atlantic seaboard on Sunday, September 8th, and lasted for nearly a week, appear to have been the outcome of various causes, the conspiracy of which in the same harmony might not occur again for many years.

The sun's fall passage of the line, now close at hand, is always heralded or accompanied by atmospheric disturbance—heavy winds or rains, and often both. To this was added the occurrence of full moon, which in August and September always implies excessive spring tides. Three days of high winds, ranging from northeast to southeast, which had been blowing with little intermission from these stormiest of quarters, swelled the tidal energy much beyond its normal limits. Such elements of disturbance, with no other great factor to heighten the force of their impact, would suffice to account for tempest at sea, with wild work on the coast. Nature, however, dissatisfied with this not unusual exhibition of the forces with which she works up her stormy moods, threw a fourth into the combination. This was a West Indian cyclone, whose mighty whirls joined their outer spirals with the stormy agents already lying in wait.

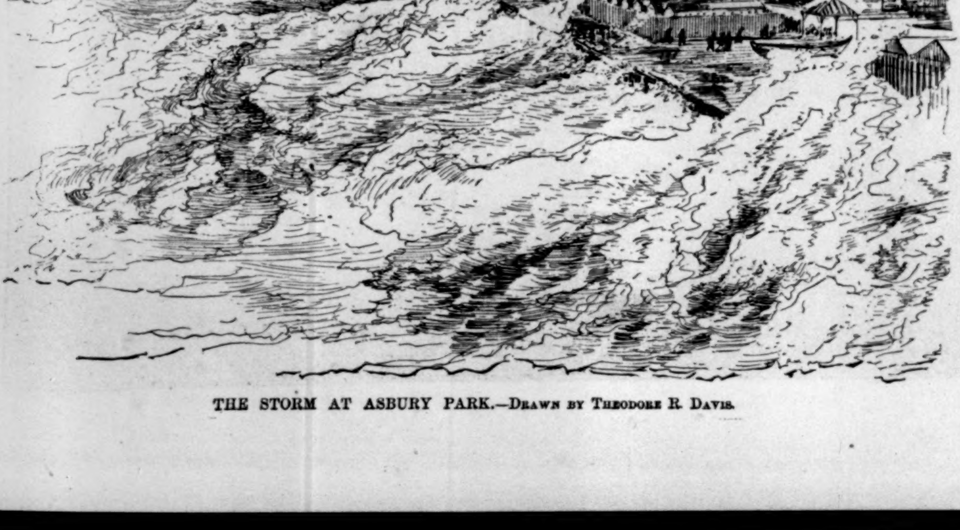
With the power of the cyclone on land and its method of operation we are quite familiar. Though very similar in its causes and mechanism to the spiral hurricane of the sea, it is limited by its conditions. The latter has a vast field in which to form and work, with no disturbing agencies, and its diameter is frequently a thousand miles. Although the disturbance at the outer rim is the least violent, of course, the vast waves caused by the tremendous suction of water in the centre and by the cross currents of the tempest, which churn the surface into indescribable fury, propagate themselves for hundreds of miles. When such an agent as this joins with other favorable meteorological conditions, the result is a bombardment of the coast by the ocean rarely, if ever, witnessed at other times. The effects of cyclones formed at sea are sometimes so appalling as to transcend all other forms of devastation. That which struck the delta of the Ganges in 1876, accompanied by a mighty tidal wave, extended its ravages a hundred miles inland, and caused 215,000 people to perish. The wave that mainly did the mischief was forty feet in height.

To cause incalculable ruin on the low-lying Atlantic seaboard, a tidal wave of not much more than one-tenth of this height would suffice. The actual increase over average flood tide on our coast, except in special localities favorable to the piling up of the waters, is estimated to have been about three feet. One foot more would have seriously imperilled, if not absolutely destroyed, to give a familiar example, the costly hotel structures on Coney Island. The possibility of great tidal waves on this coast, though less than in other parts of the world, is sufficient to rouse an alarm, in view of the recent exhibition of what the ocean accomplished. According to Professor Maury, the cyclone of 1780 forced the Gulf-Stream back to its source, and piled up the waters of the Gulf of Mexico thirty feet higher than its usual level, submerging even the tree-tops of small islands. Only twelve years ago an inundation of the sea, caused by a cyclone and tidal wave, caused the loss of $5,000,000 on the coast of Texas. The cyclone which has just passed, and contributed, with other causes, to effect such damage — an amount of loss quite impossible to grasp in full at the time of this writing—had its origin in the West Indian seas about a week before its influences were felt in this latitude, according to the view taken by the officials of the Signal Service Office. It moved slowly northward and a little westward to the vicinity of Cape Hatteras. Thence the storm centre was deflected somewhat easterly in its northern course, till its outer effects were felt on the North Atlantic sea-coast as far as Cape Cod. Thence, after disporting itself in mid-ocean at its own wild will, it turned on its course, and wound its way southward, its worst force dissipated. It does not seem, however, to have done any material damage above the parallel of New York, so far as present reports would indicate. An excellent stand-point from which to measure the energy of the storm may be found at Coney Island, which has a national reputation as a popular watering-place.

This island lies fully exposed to the beat of the waves from the east and south, and is a little more than four miles long. The tendency of the ocean here, according to many years' observation, is to eat up the eastern end of the island, and to add to its western portion. Property owners interested in building up the value of the island as a resort have sought, by erecting bulkheads and breakwaters, to check the fierce disintegration, but every method hitherto tried has proved ineffective in face of such a storm as we have undergone. All the improvements in the immediate front of the Brighton Beach, the Manhattan Beach, and the Oriental hotels have been swept away by the merciless rage of the sea. The tides of Sunday and Monday, while sweeping the beach front with wild and beautiful magnificence, excited but little emotion in the spectators, except that of admiration at the grand spectacle. It was not till Tuesday, the 10th inst., that the mighty power of wind and sea reached its climax, and tinged awe with terror. At the morning flood the onset of the ocean took the form of a genuine tidal wave. It swept over all obstacles, and hurled its boiling flood of breakers to the very base of the hotel buildings, completely encircling them with water. The beaches were separated from each other, and buildings seemed to be set down in a wild watery waste. The marine railways were partly destroyed or covered with sand, huge bathing pavilions rooted up like cornstalks, and the long line of the surf was riotous with an indescribable mass of wreckage, which it floated like corks. The tide went out, to return twice with similar grandeur, completing the ruin which it had begun, and only stopping short of dislodging the larger and more firmly constructed buildings.

THE MUSIC PAVILION AND LAWN AT MANHATTAN BEACH DURING THE STORM.—Drawn by Schell and Hogan.

The scene witnessed on Tuesday night and Wednesday morning was such as has rarely been seen on our coast, prolific as this portion of the Atlantic is in great storms. From Norton's Point to the eastern end of the island the great breakers galloped like charging battalions, with a crash and roar that could be heard for miles, sending their spray twenty feet into the air where they broke on the beach. The guests at the hotels, surrounded by water at full flood, were in mortal terror every moment, lest the great buildings should tumble or be lifted from their bases. With the outgoing of each tide, the débris on the sands piled up in ruder masses, and gave fresh proof of the violence of the attack. Even the iron piers, though not seriously damaged, had much of their flooring ripped up like rotten rags, bolts started, and stanchions wrenched. The damage done at West Brighton and the more democratic portion of the island was less, but sufficient to make a picturesque mass of wreckage and ruin on the water line. Had this modern Bartholomew Fair, with its vulgar shows and nameless abominations, been entirely swept clean by the waves, many would find in it some compensation for the injury otherwise effected. Conservative estimate places the damage done to Coney Island at $100,000.



THE STORM AT ASBURY PARK.—Drawn by Theodore R. Davis.

Following the coast eastward the great ocean battery did its work in similar fashion at Rockaway, Arverne-by-the-Sea, Far Rockaway, and Long Beach. It would be repeating an old story to attempt to detail the damage done at these places by the storm. The surf broke inland from one hundred to two hundred yards beyond the flood-tide mark. All minor structures, bathing pavilions, booths, and amusement places were swept away, and only the large hotels or well-built private villas escaped unharmed from the raging wreck of waters. The iron pier at Rockaway, one of the sturdiest structures of its kind on the coast, was badly wrecked, though not utterly destroyed. Two passages at Rockaway Beach were cut through to Jamaica Bay by the tremendous beating of the waves, and it is believed that at least five hundred feet of the beach at this point is permanently washed away. At Long Beach also the ocean cut a channel through the great sand-spit, but no serious damage was wrought to large and important buildings. The shores of New York Bay and Long Island Sound were subject to the effects of the high sea, but these were, for the most part, limited to inconvenience and such temporary injury as can be easily repaired.

The city of New York felt in a small way the effect of the excessive tides on Tuesday and Wednesday. The down-town river streets were flooded, and at the Battery the water at times was dashed far over the bulkheads. Cellars were filled, and tradesmen were much inconvenienced. On West Street, near Barclay, the water standing at high tide several inches deep, put foot-passengers to their trumps to escape wet feet.

It is when we look at the coast line of New Jersey that the most severe and destructive work of the ocean is exhibited, extending well near without break, though varying somewhat in degree, from Sandy Hook to Cape May. Had the gale blown steadily from the east or southeast for the forty-eight hours preceding the climax of the storm, the tale of devastation would have been an accumulation of disaster without parallel in our history, and hundreds, perhaps thousands, of lives would have been snatched by the ravenous seas. As it is, the ruin wrought on this coast will make a permanent change in the shore line. The effects were not confined to the ocean front, but extended up the Delaware River as high as Trenton.

Beginning at Sandy Hook, the work of ravage wrought on hotels, cottages, piers, and railroads is everywhere evident. The tremendous hammering of the waves opposite the foot of the Navesink Highlands forced a reopening of the ocean through the peninsula into the Shrewsbury River, which had been closed since the Revolution. The giant waves destroyed everything in their path, tearing out bulkheads, ruining lawns, and sweeping away beautiful summer villas. The swollen waters of the Shrewsbury River co-operated with the raging ocean to inundate the peninsula, and stretched inland to a considerable distance. All the pretty villages so popular for seaside summering—Sea Bright, Low Moor, Monmouth Beach, etc.—were wofully devastated by the great waves, which spared little except the large hotels built on the very spine of the sandy peninsula.

The havoc wrought at Long Branch begins a fresh chapter in the ocean's fury, which mounts *crescendo*, with some breaks, to its climax at At-

lantic City. The whole front of this section of the coast is battered and shattered in the wildest manner. Great showers of spray were hurled hundreds of feet across Ocean Avenue at Long Branch, the wide street which fronts on the bluff, and dashed against the windows of the hotels and cottages, keeping the inmates prisoners. The thundering billows, rolling in unbroken squadrons, broke with a deafening tumult, and reforming again, hurled themselves over the bluff, as if disdaining all resistance. On their crests were tossed all kinds of wreckage. Massive timbers and stones, wrenched from the bulkheads, piers, and sea-walls, were made the instruments for further attack, and the din of the onset crashed like the continuous roar of a thousand cannons. The recession of the waves tore out great gaps in the bluff and the beach, and left them as ragged and rude in many places as they were before the hand of man ever lent its art to beautify the sea front. For two or three days terror reigned from Sea Bright to Long Branch, and no one felt secure within five hundred feet of the mad rage of the ocean. The ocean drive was knee-deep in mud, and strewn with countless tons of sea-weed and sea wreck. The tracks of the Sandy Hook division of the New Jersey Central Railroad were in large measure destroyed as far as Long Branch, covered in hillocks of sand where they were not torn away. The great ocean pier was badly shaken and damaged, and the waves dashed in mountains to the very top of the frame-work. The roofs of the sheds on the pier were sixty-five feet above low-water mark.

At Asbury Park the havoc was not as great as at Long Branch, though bathing pavilions and houses, sidewalks, etc., were destroyed. At Deal Lake the surf tore its way through the sandy barrier, and filled the lake to the level of the driveway. The roofs of several of the hotels were destroyed by the gale, and no end of minor damage done, though the treatment of the stormy elements was lenient as compared with the ravage at other points. The same may be said of Ocean Grove, Avon-by-the-Sea, Belmar (formerly known as Ocean Beach), Sea Girt, Spring Lake Beach, and Point Pleasant City, which have grown up within a dozen years to be attractive resorts. Bathing houses and pavilions, booths and sidewalks, were generally carried away, but otherwise there seems to have been no serious damage to property. An extensive section of the Long Branch Division of the Pennsylvania Railroad was destroyed in the vicinity of the last-named points.

The long strip of beach which separates Barnegat Bay from the ocean has been developed within a few years into a series of little summer resorts, and beautiful cottages dot the whole length of the sand barrier, stretching about a hundred miles. The beach is connected with the main-land by ferries, and in some places by trestle bridges. The hotels and cottages depend, of course, on these connections for their food supply. Barnegat Bay became a raging sea on Tuesday, the 10th inst., and over an extended length of the beach the sea swept clean from side to side. From Barnegat City to Bay Head the damage done by wind and wave surpassed all precedents. The railway was completely washed away between Sea-side Park and Berkeley. A number of cottages were swept off their foundations at different points, and all but the sturdiest buildings were shaken by the fearful battering of the waves. All the streets were laid under water, and the railway bridge crossing the bay at Barnegat City was submerged. To the terror of the residents, lest the sea should swallow them in its maw, was added the fear of starvation from the interruption of supplies. Below Manahawkin there was no railway service after Tuesday. The terrific fury of the waves had the most favorable opportunity for displaying their malice on Barnegat beach, and the scene is said to have been one of indescribable grandeur.

The culmination of the wrath of the storm, however, was reached at Atlantic City. The place was practically submerged. The meadows in its rear were buried under water on Tuesday. A roaring, turbulent sea, ten feet deep in places, presented as fierce and repellent a sight as that of the raging front. All railway connection was utterly destroyed. The population of 20,000, half of them summer guests, were cut off completely from land by an almost impassable barrier. All the lower portions of the city were under water, and the houses wrecked and destroyed by the savage waves. The magnificent beach, the glory of the city, lay twenty feet under the mountainous seas, that crashed like thunder through the lower levels of the place, leaving acres of débris on their crests. The panic-stricken people were huddled together on the higher portion of the town, and it looked for a time like another Johnstown disaster. There was imminent danger of starvation. Fortunately communication was established at low water. There were many narrow escapes from death, and more than one thrilling story to tell. The extreme rise of tide did not occur again, and the Camden and Atlantic Railway was able to resume its service on Thursday, the 12th. The wreck of a large portion of Atlantic City presents a pitiable sight, and the damage is estimated at not much less than a quarter of a million of dollars, if indeed it does not far surpass this figure.

At Cape May all the outskirts of the city were flooded, and many of the cottagers were obliged to take refuge in the second stories. The meadows east of the city were transformed into a turbulent sea for miles, stretching far back of the beaches. The lawns of several of the hotels were three feet under water, and waves dashed their spray against the verandas. The government life-saving station was destroyed and the railway tracks wrecked, causing a total breakage of communication. Many of the streets became salt-water straits, and boats were used for transit.

The scene at Delaware Breakwater added a new source of interest and terror to the grandeur of raging waters. A hundred or more vessels had sought the refuge of the breakwater on the third day of the storm. On Thursday the sea succeeded in beating down the obstruction and rushed shoreward, carrying a large number of vessels on the sands. About forty lives were lost, and had it not been for the heroic service of the men of the life-saving stations many more would have been drowned in the angry waters. Piers and buildings were carried away by the great salt flood, and the town was partly submerged. At Rehoboth Beach the surf broke over the lower levels, and sent their spray into windows of the hotels, several of which were completely surrounded by water at high tide. Everything connected with the hotel properties was carried away except the hotels themselves, and the guests were in a condition of the liveliest terror. With all the disaster to property, which is enormous on the New Jersey seaboard, it is grateful to know that there has been hardly any loss of life from the rage of the sea, except in the case of vessels wrecked and dashed on the shore.

The actual extent of the storm as a force felt on the coast is about a thousand miles, but the New Jersey shore has had the brunt of the attack. There is no doubt that the configuration of this section of the Atlantic seaboard will be greatly changed. Huge breaches have been made, extended sand-dunes built up where there were none before, deep inlets bored through the outer sand barrier that guards the main-land, miles of coast sliced off by the encroaching sea. It is not now possible to tell just what the changes are, but we may rest assured that they are extensive in their transformation of the coast topography. Hereafter the waters will roll and foam over places where but recently one could have said, with Shakespeare,

> "Behold the beach
> Pales in the flood with men, with wives and boys,
> Whose shouts and claps out-voice that deep-mouthed sea."

ASHES.

Written in the Shakespeare Church at Stratford-upon-Avon, August 26, 1889.

MAN longs to view his destiny completed;
He cannot see it—but his Maker can.
As shapes of cloud in mountains are repeated,
So thoughts of God accomplished are in Man.

Here the divinest of all thoughts descended;
Here the "sweet heavens" their sweetest boon let fall;
Upon this hallowed ground begun and ended
The life that knew and felt and uttered all.

There is not anything of human trial
That ever love deplored or sorrow knew,
No glad fulfilment and no sad denial,
Beyond the pictured truth that SHAKESPEARE drew.

All things are said and done, and though forever
The streams dash onward and the great winds blow,
There comes no new thing in the world, and never
A voice, like his, that seems to make it so.

Take then thy fate, or opulent or sordid;
Take it, and bear it, and esteem it blest!
For of all crowns that ever were awarded
The crown of simple patience is the best.

WILLIAM WINTER.

THE MACHINERY OF THE UNITED STATES TREASURY.

BY HON. J. K. UPTON,

FORMERLY ASSISTANT SECRETARY OF THE TREASURY.

THE Treasury proper was created expressly and only to collect and disburse the public revenues, and this work has been done by the great human force which personifies the invisible being called the "Treasury of the United States."

Many of those who help to keep this vast and intricate net-work of machinery for receipts and disbursements in motion have grown gray and seedy in the public service, and have worn out successive generations of chair cushions in the conscientious discharge of their official duties. As individuals they are not endowed with those heroic attributes or aggressive qualities which in higher planes bring on political strife and bloody wars, but in the aggregate, for official purposes, they form a mechanical being of gigantic size and strength, with the eyes of an Argus and the tentacles of an octopus.

Anywhere in the world this being can see a dollar if it belongs to the government, can reach for it with celerity, bag it with certainty, and then follow its disbursement with light step to see that no one gets more than is due him, whether blacksmith who has shod a horse for a trooper on the plains, or contractor who has built a steel cruiser for the Navy Department. But it acts only as directed by Congress, never by its own volition. Without this authority the being cannot even buy a morning paper, though with such authority it may at the same time be able to purchase a kingdom and pay for it.

To properly execute the great trust imposed upon it requires organization, good sense, red tape, industry, and unimpeachable integrity. For the first requisite Congress has provided an officer to be the responsible head; an accountant to see that proper forms are established and maintained; a counsellor, wise in the law, to check all illegal or improper transactions; a bonded officer to hold and disburse the funds; and a book-keeper to enter upon record all transactions incident to the trust. These officers, denominated respectively Secretary, Auditor, Comptroller, Treasurer, and Register, make up all there is of the Treasury proper, each officer being, of course, provided with the necessary clerical force.

Concerning Revenue.—The revenue of the government is drawn from various sources, but mainly through the imposition of a tariff upon imported goods. The word tariff is said to have been derived from Tariffe, a small seaport on the Mediterranean, inhabited by a piratical tribe of Moors, who exacted a tribute from every vessel coming within its harbor. Congress, in the exercise of its tax-raising powers, made the Treasury a prince of pirates, as it were, directing it to place a Collector at every port of entry, to take for the use of the government not only a tribute from the vessel, but a handsome levy from the cargo; and this duty he zealously performs, and turns his collections into the Treasury. The Collector, however, when the money leaves his hands, must have credit for the amount, the Treasurer must be charged with the same, and the Register must make proper entry of it before the government can put the money to any use. Therefore, to make the same available, and at the same time to insure for it a proper accountability, the Collector is directed, when he places the amount to the credit of the Treasurer in some recognized official place of deposit, to so advise the Secretary. The Treasurer is notified of the transaction by the principal officer at the place of deposit. The Secretary, being thus advised, draws a draft or warrant upon the Collector in favor of the Treasurer for the amount already deposited, and for it the latter officer receipts upon the warrant, as though he had just received the money. This warrant then goes to the Register, who charges the Treasurer with the amount acknowledged by him as received, enters the same in the account of general receipts, under its proper classification, and then sends the warrant to the Auditor, where it becomes a credit voucher in the account of the Collector depositing the amount. By this proceeding all the purposes needed are served, and the several entries being made from the same bit of paper, the chances of clerical error are reduced to their minimum. But the cleverest part of the scheme is that the Collector can get credit for his deposit only upon the warrant, and in consequence he can be trusted to see that the warrant is issued whereby the Treasurer is charged with the amount. All moneys are drawn, or "covered," into the Treasury only by the issue of such a covering warrant, and when one of them bears the receipt of the Treasurer thereon, and the certificate of the Register that the Treasurer has been charged therewith, the money is then, and not till then, in the Treasury, whence it cannot be drawn "except in consequence of an appropriation made by law."

How Money is Disbursed.—When Congress has authorized a payment for any purpose the Secretary promptly advises the Register thereof, and directs him to make an entry of the amount on his books under a proper heading, that it may be drawn against as needed. This done, the Treasury is ready to pay any claimant the sum due him out of this appropriation, and if the Comptroller has received from the Auditor, approved and in proper form, a claim made thereon, he will, if he sees no objection to paying it, ask the Secretary to issue his warrant upon the Treasurer in favor of the claimant for the amount stated. A warrant will consequently issue, but it will first go to the Comptroller, that he may minute it on the account, then to the Register, who will charge the amount to the claimant and to the proper appropriation, enter it in the general account of expenditures under the proper classification, then send it to the Treasurer, who will pay the claimant as directed, obtaining his receipt therefor on the warrant, or on a check issued in his favor, and then send warrant and receipt to the Auditor as a credit voucher for moneys paid out. Thus this pay warrant, like the covering warrant, becomes the authority for the needed entries of the amount, and ends its course, as did the covering warrant, by becoming a credit voucher in an account of moneys paid.

The number of the warrants issued annually is about 45,000, and to prepare, sign, and properly examine and enter them involves no little clerical labor. But to pay every public creditor in this way would require millions of warrants instead of thousands, and to avoid such labor and consequent delay moneys are drawn in bulk upon a warrant in favor of some disbursing officer, and placed in his hands to distribute among the claimants upon their receipt therefor. As a guarantee, however, the disburser is required to give a bond, with sureties, to the Comptroller, for the proper disposition of the money. Although in this way the claimant gets his money without delay, the Treasury relaxes no vigilance in its scrutiny of the payment, and if a voucher rendered is found insufficient in any way, its amount is disallowed, and the officer, or his bondsmen, must make good any loss the government has sustained through the unfortunate transaction.

Of what payments the officer can properly make, the Auditor is advised by law, regulations, or by other sources independent of the disbursing officer, and there is no escape from his vigilance. If payments have been made to the army, the Auditor has been furnished with the muster-rolls; if to pensioners, with a list of pension certificates issued; if to a contractor for constructing a building or a war vessel, with a copy of all contracts and agreements pertaining to the matter; and if the disbursing officer does not keep himself equally as well informed as to the law and regulations governing the disbursement as does the Auditor, he will quite likely some day pay dearly for his ignorance. Every year six millions of these vouchers are received at the Treasury, and in case of pay-rolls, hundreds of names are sometimes upon one voucher. Every item is, however, subjected to a searching inquiry as to its correctness in every respect, and to avoid possible chances of wrong, the Comptroller as well as the Auditor examines the vouchers, thus duplicating the work; yet every item is passed on, the calculations necessary are all verified, and the work completed in due time by a section of the clerks pertaining to the Treasury.

Payment of Interest.—Then four times every year the fifty thousand holders of the public debt want the interest due them. The Register has a record of these bondholders, where they live, and how much each one holds. He therefore, by direction of the Secretary, sends a schedule of them, near the close of each quarter, to the Treasurer, who, by same direction, draws a check in favor of each holder for the amount due, payable at the New York or other Sub-Treasury office, then puts the fifty thousand checks into the same number of envelopes, and sends them by mail to their respective owners. When paid, these checks are returned to the Treasurer, cancelled, and he wants credit for their amount. So he sends them properly listed for that purpose to the Auditor, to whom the Register has already furnished a duplicate schedule of their issue, and with this schedule every check must be verified before the credit asked is given. Many of the checks, perhaps ten thousand, are paid upon powers of attorney to persons not named in the schedule or checks, but the Auditor has every such power on file, and he carefully examines it to see that no amount has been wrongfully paid. One quarter's work is hardly done before another comes, and the ceaseless routine is repeated.

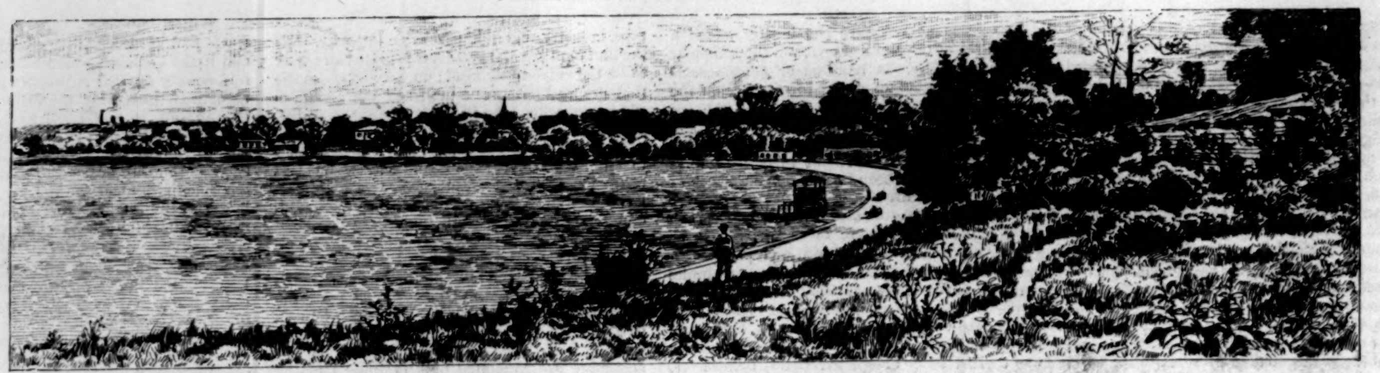
Postal Moneys.—Then there are fifty-five thousand postmasters, each one of whom collects and disburses more or less revenue, and eight thousand of them issue and pay money and postal orders. The Post-office revenues are collected by the sale of stamps. The Post-office Department issues these stamps to the several postmasters, notifying the Auditor of the Treasury of the amount sent to every office, and this office must see that of every stamp sold the government gets the proceeds. The moneys received are not turned into the Treasury like other moneys, but are immediately paid out for the salaries and other expenses of the postal service. Every quarter the postmasters, clerks, route agents, mail carriers, and contractors must be paid whatever is due them, and proper receipts obtained and sent to the Auditor of the Treasury. The Auditor carefully examines every item, and allows only what is due under the law, or by the authority of the Post-office Department, of which he has been duly advised, and if there is not money enough to go round, Congress has provided for the deficiency out of the general revenues.

Postmasters must also render an account to the Auditor every week of all moneys received by the issue of money or postal orders, and will at same time forward for credit the orders paid by them. The Auditor must see that all excess of money received at any office is at once shipped to some other office which will need funds to meet payments of this account. He must also compare every paid order received with the account of the issuing office, to see that the amount is properly charged therein. About fifteen millions of these orders, involving $118,000,000, are issued every year, and to ship the excess of moneys received to where it will be needed for payment, and to examine properly the entries of these millions of orders, involves a stupendous amount of labor, which could hardly be accomplished at all without thoroughly systematized methods and incessant industry. But the feat is performed, and by another branch of the clerical force.

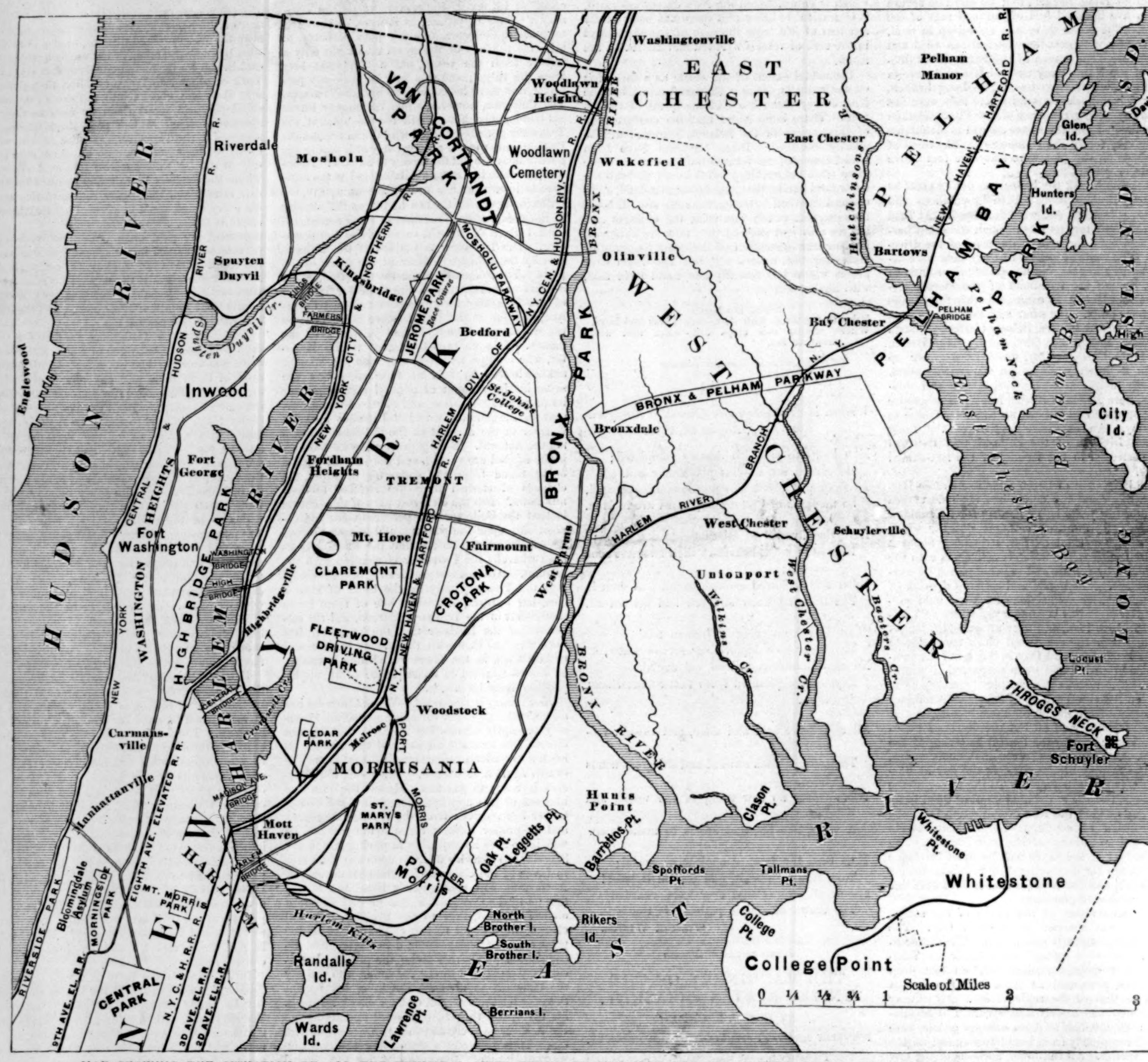
In all these labors there is a vast amount of collateral work in each of the offices which cannot be easily explained or readily suggested. The Secretary, with his force, must watch every day the movements of the great machine, and remove any obstacles that may check its operations. The accounting forces must be familiar with all the methods, laws, regulations, and decisions, even the traditions, of the Department, to properly perform their many and varied duties. The Treasurer must maintain an elaborate system of checks upon his operations to prevent loss through mistake or fraud, and the Register must enter the transaction promptly and with absolute accuracy, and must properly care for the almost innumerable papers and accounts of which he is the custodian.

Origin of the System.—The system of receiving and paying moneys now in vogue at the Treasury was instituted by Alexander Hamilton, the first Secretary, and for the simplicity of its operations and insured certainty of its accountability stands a monument to the genius of that eminent financier, who, in explaining the scheme to Congress, stated that under its operation the Secretary himself could not take from the Treasury even the monthly salary due him, except in the way provided for all creditors of the government.

Four times every year the accounts are closed, and the balances standing in the several offices compared. Only a clerical error—and that does not often occur—can prevent their agreeing. The difference between the total receipts and total expenditures of the Treasury must be represented by the cash held, and this result has been found true at every settlement since the Treasury was organized, and will continue true whatever party may control the Treasury operations.

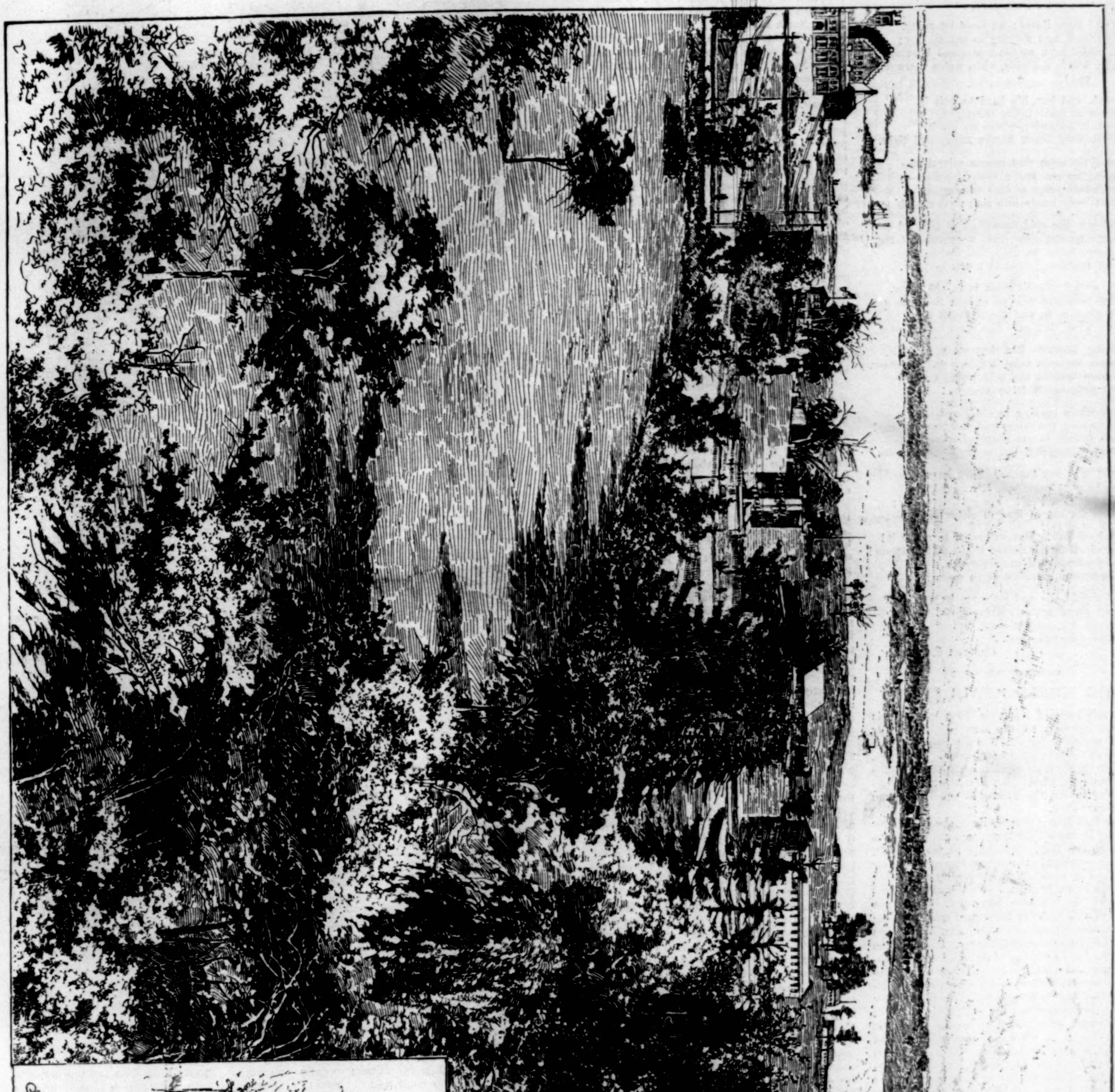


THE FLEETWOOD DRIVING PARK AREA PROPOSED WITH CLAREMONT PARK AND ADJOINING LANDS AS A SITE FOR THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF 1892.—DRAWN BY W. C. FITLER.—[SEE PAGE 766.]



MAP SHOWING THE SITUATION OF ALL THE PRINCIPAL SITES UNDER EXAMINATION FOR THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF 1892.—[SEE PAGE 766.]

THE CLAREMONT PARK LANDS PROPOSED AS PART OF A SITE FOR THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF 1892.—[SEE PAGE 766.]



PORT MORRIS, PROPOSED AS A SITE FOR THE INTERNATIONAL EXPOSITION OF 1892.—Drawn by Hughson Hawley.—[See Page 766.]

A STRIKE IN THE "EMPTY POCKET."

PWIST! here, Rover; we *must* be going.
Sundown, and nothing to eat all day;
Ten miles back to the camp, and blowing.
But what's the odds, when we've "struck the pay?"

Glory! Old boy, it's hard to quit it,
Even to leave it for overnight.
Clinch it, porphyry, where we hit it,
With hard black fingers stingy and tight.

That little seam that means salvation—
Hope for me, and a home for Sue—
Four lonely years of half starvation
Butt their heads into that streak of blue.

Ugh! how the cold snow-flour is sifting!
Curse on the wind, that it comes just now!
Only my tracks for trail, and drifting;
And fourteen inches is tough to plow.

Hard work? That's what it is, old Rover.
That mile was swelled to four times its size.
Trail plum gone, and the daylight over,
And wind that cuts like steel in the eyes.

Whining, Rover? But that won't mend it.
Come, we must take it like men, you know.
One stop here in the cold would end it;
Our only safety is on the go.

Think who's praying in old Pequawket.
To-morrow the wires will tell her, "Come!
Struck it rich in the Empty Pocket!"
See her laughing and crying? Well, *some!*

What? You *won't* move? Then on my shoulder
I'll have to pack you, you rascal, you!
Nu-h! you're a load! I'm getting colder;
There's a ton of lead in either shoe.

Down! O God! But we've *got* to make it!
Ah-h! How this piñon keeps off the storm!
Drowsy—drowsy—I cannot shake it—
And this is so soft and so warm!

What should life and its cares be won for?
Sleep, the Forgetter, is kindliest.
Come, old dog, we are done for!
Here—we—will—rest.

CHARLES F. LUMMIS.

THE WORLD'S FAIR SITES.

IN this issue of HARPER'S WEEKLY a map is printed including all the sites within the city limits proposed for the World's Fair of 1892. Views of two of these were published last week, and in the current number are representations of two others, namely, the Port Morris site, and that comprising the Fleetwood race-track and Claremont Park.

The Port Morris grounds lie on the East River and the Bronx Kills, a little more than six miles from the City Hall. It includes St. Mary's Park, recently acquired by the city, an area of forty-four acres. The whole tract, comprising some four hundred acres, is divided into two almost equal parts by the Southern Boulevard. The lands south of this highway are owned mainly by the Gouverneur Morris estate and the Port Morris Land and Improvement Company. North of the Boulevard are a number of owners, and if the entire proposed area should be taken a few hundred thousand dollars' worth of ordinary buildings would have to be removed. The Gouverneur Morris portion includes the old family mansion, which would serve for official head-quarters. It is surrounded by a tract of pleasing lawn and meadow, shaded by fine trees. It was built in 1800 to replace an older house, and is not without historical interest, having had as guests many distinguished men of both hemispheres. The land is level near the water, and rises toward the boulevard.

A mile of the shore front is favorable for shipping purposes, and the water is deep enough to float the largest vessels. A very considerable part of the New York Central Railroad Company's freight traffic is now transferred here from boat to rail. The corporation owns sixteen acres at this point, and has excellent terminal and docking facilities. It has a road running from the docks to the tracks of the Harlem road at Melrose Station, which, with additions, could be utilized for Fair traffic. All roads approaching the city from the North and East could here land passengers and freight. Ferriage from Long Island and Jersey City could be supplied to whatever extent wanted. The suburban rapid transit elevated road now nearly reaches the proposed site, and is soon to be extended through the section in question. Whatever advantages there may be in river front here prevails notably. Flushing Bay is opposite, and present a wide water view besides unlimited room for anchorage. It has been suggested, with reference to the Port Morris site, that the portion north of the boulevard be rejected, and additional land be taken along the river front, including the adjoining Oak Point lands hitherto described as an independent site. There is some marsh-land in this territory which can be filled in at comparatively small expense, and if the city wants a water-front park of considerable extent, an opportunity to secure one is here supplied, together with a favorable location for the permanent buildings spoken of. The methods of acquiring this property for Fair uses are yet to be proposed, but the owners, as far as known, are amenable to reasonable arrangements. The Port Morris site as originally proposed is bounded on the west by St. Ann's Avenue, and on the north and east by the Port Morris branch of the New York Central Railroad. On the south and east is the water front. Randall's Island lies opposite a portion of it. Its southern boundary is near One-hundred-and-thirtieth Street. The site is within easy driving distance of the residence part of the city, and its railroad facilities could be made to include all the roads leading out from New York to the North and East.

The Claremont Park and the Fleetwood race-course site begins at One-hundred-and-sixty-fourth Street, runs north on Sheridan Avenue to One-hundred-and-seventy-fourth Street, thence west to Webster Avenue, and south to the lower limit. This location is entirely inland, but is excellently adapted topographically for Fair purposes. The Fleetwood Driving Park itself presents a fine space for buildings, and there are other plateaus equally well suited for the uses of the Exposition. The track is finely wooded in sections, contains practically no bad ground, is easily drained, and a great trunk sewer is now being built through it. There are but two houses of importance on the whole domain. One is the Morris residence, and the other the fine mansion of Mr. Zborrowski. The site contains about 450 acres, 120 of which, Claremont Park, is already owned by the city.

Besides the natural advantages of its surface, the Fleetwood and Claremont Park site is specially well placed with respect to railroad communication. The Harlem road runs along its entire eastern border, and the Port Morris branch of the New York Central supplies direct communication with the East River, three miles distant, at a point where there is sufficient depth of water and docking facilities for large ocean steamers. Immediately south of the grounds, the New York Central owns a large tract of land wherewith it could care for the transportation traffic in a peculiarly advantageous way. Wherever the Fair should be located in the northern part of the city, the railroads, of course, would reach it, but at this spot improvements of a permanent character would be made on their own territory by the New York Central people.

This corporation will probably be called upon to provide for the bulk of the railroad transportation in connection with the Fair. With its present facilities, it can care for a traffic of 50,000 passengers daily. It can convert its car sheds on Madison Avenue north of Forty-fifth Street into additional depot ground, and can make provision for all the demands made upon it. The matter of transportation is an all-important one, and one of the strongest arguments for the Fleetwood site is that it is on railroads already constructed. It is needless to say that it is greatly preferred by the managers of the New York Central, who will, if it be chosen, be better situated to render adequate service than they would be in any other case. The New Haven, the Northern, and New England roads could communicate with the grounds, and nearly all the north and south street-car lines in the city, the elevated roads included, would be extended to the Fair.

All of the proposed sites in the northern part of New York city are more or less advantageously situated with respect to transportation. They can be approached both by land and water. Ocean steamers can discharge their freight comparatively near them all. It matters little whether material transferred from boat to cars is conveyed a hundred feet or several miles. The Hudson, the East, and Harlem rivers are avenues of approach. And in every case are there good drives. The elevated and surface car lines can be extended and utilized in every instance. The companies have not as yet published any estimates of the extent of the traffic they could provide for, but not one has any doubts as to being able to meet the demand upon it.

If 20,000,000 people visit the Fair in a six months' season, the average attendance will be about 100,000 a day. This will not be evenly distributed, of course, but even supposing any one day's attendance to reach 500,000, it will be but equal to the present daily traffic on the elevated roads. It will require good management and large facilities to care properly for this amount of transportation, but it can and doubtless will be satisfactorily done.

Close by the Fleetwood and Claremont Park grounds is another proposed site. It includes Cedar Park, and extends from Mott Avenue to the Harlem River. It is in some parts very broken, and descends from high land at Cedar Park to the river level. Its railway communication is good, and Jerome Avenue lies along its western side. It contains about 250 acres, commands a fine view of the Harlem Valley, and is opposite High Bridge Park. Still another proposed site is that which includes Morningside and Riverside parks, and the Bloomingdale Asylum lands. This is the nearest of any to the centre of the city, and otherwise has claims to consideration.

So far as locations for a World's Fair are concerned, New York city apparently labors under an embarrassment of riches. There is no metropolitan centre of its size in the world that has so much unoccupied land in its immediate vicinity. The Fleetwood and Claremont parks region is almost as little suggestive of the proximity of a great city as a Western prairie, and driving along the Ridge Road, it is difficult to believe that the City Hall is but a few miles away. Neither the Inwood nor the Fleetwood nor the Cedar Park site contains any more good buildings than can be profitably used for the offices of the Fair managers. The roads in many cases in these regions do not rise to the dignity of an average country pike, and one good result of the Exposition will be to improve the situation in this respect materially. The discussion of the site question is also calling attention to the fact that there is much fine scenery in the northern parts of the city. The Rip Van Winkle slumber which has lingered so long over the north end of Manhattan Island and the other side of the Harlem Valley bids fair to be dispelled. The Columbus quadri-centennial promises to stir this city up in more ways than one.

AMOS W. WRIGHT.

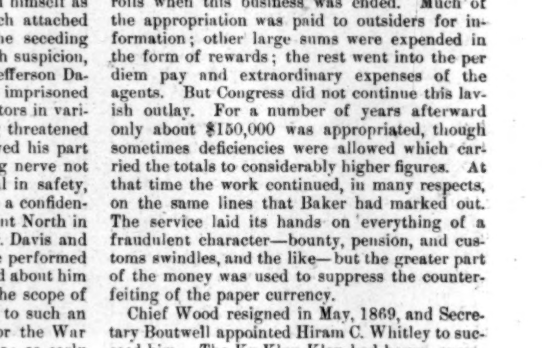
PRINTING THE "QUEER."

THE UNITED STATES SECRET SERVICE.

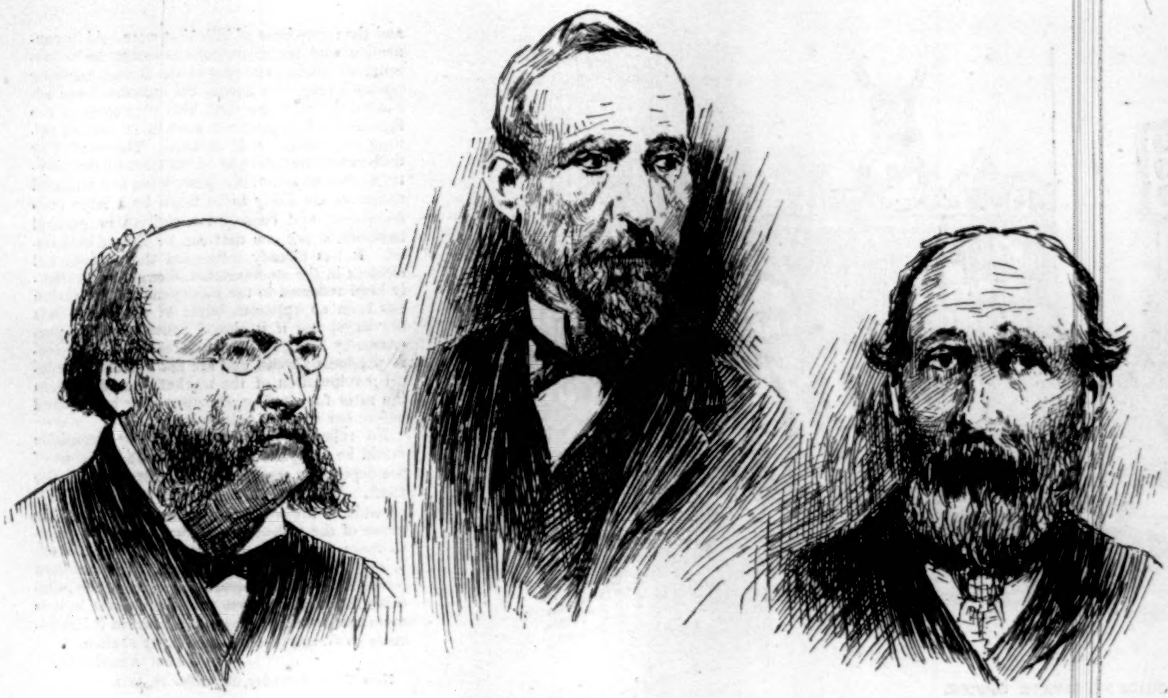
THE wars of the Revolution and of 1812 doubtless brought forth something corresponding in its general features to the Secret Service organized by the United States government during the war of secession, but its records have not been preserved. The Secret Service, as we know it, may be said to have had its origin in June, 1861, when Lafayette C. Baker offered his services to Secretary Seward as a sort of police scout to gather information of the condition of things in the Southern Confederacy. His proposal was accepted, and he was passed through the lines and began his work. He represented himself as a Southern man, with interests which attached him unalterably to the cause of the seceding States. At first he was regarded with suspicion, and was arrested and taken before Jefferson Davis himself for examination. He was imprisoned for some time, and tested by his captors in various ways, even to the point of being threatened with hanging as a spy; but he played his part well, and his ready wit and unfailing nerve not only carried him through this ordeal in safety, but caused him presently to be made a confidential agent of the Confederacy, and sent North in quest of special information for Mr. Davis and his advisers. In his dual capacity he performed some extraordinary feats, and gathered about him a set of men after his own heart. The scope of their joint labors gradually enlarged to such an extent, that it was deemed better for the War Department to direct their operations; so early in 1862 the transfer was made, and the band of spies took their orders thenceforward from Secretary Stanton till after the close of the war and the death of President Lincoln. Baker not only had a wonderfully keen scent for all forms of disloyalty and fraud, but he seemed to have a charmed life, escaping from danger of every sort as if by magic. His positive character naturally made him many enemies, who lay in wait for a chance to injure him. Their opportunity came when, having made himself a terror to counterfeiters, smugglers, and bounty-jumpers, he began to drive the pardon-brokers from under cover. His last act in this line was the arrest of Lucy Cobb, a woman who frequented the White House during the Johnson administration, and was supposed to have much influence with the President in procuring amnesty for ex-Confederates. Baker determined to trap her. He accordingly caused money to be offered her for her aid in behalf of a pretended Southerner seeking a pardon, and then arrested her with several of his marked Treasury notes on her person. But, backed by his enemies, Mrs. Cobb had him arrested in turn. He was tried and acquitted on a charge of robbery, but found guilty of false imprisonment, and fined a nominal sum. The affair created a great uproar, as some of the newspapers accused Baker of having tried, through the woman, to blacken the President's reputation; and he passed out of public sight from that hour, and died soon afterward. He had no direct successor.

During Baker's era William P. Wood had been appointed keeper of the Old Capitol Prison. The crime of counterfeiting was so appallingly on the increase that in 1864 Congress appropriated $300,000 to suppress it. This money was placed in the custody of the Secretary of the Treasury, and Solicitor Jordan was commissioned to oversee its expenditure. Mr. Wood was relieved of his duties as keeper, and set to work hunting down counterfeiters. In July, 1865, Secretary McCulloch created a place for him in the Treasury Department as chief of a Secret Service division. He surrounded himself with a larger body of men than Baker ever had, but their tenure was slight. They were appointed, as a rule, to look after special cases, and dropped from the rolls when this business was ended. Much of the appropriation was paid to outsiders for information; other large sums were expended in the form of rewards; the rest went into the per diem pay and extraordinary expenses of the agents. But Congress did not continue this lavish outlay. For a number of years afterward only about $150,000 was appropriated, though sometimes deficiencies were allowed which carried the totals to considerably higher figures. At that time the work continued, in many respects, on the same lines that Baker had marked out. The service laid its hands on everything of a fraudulent character—bounty, pension, and customs swindles, and the like—but the greater part of the money was used to suppress the counterfeiting of the paper currency.

Chief Wood resigned in May, 1869, and Secretary Boutwell appointed Hiram C. Whitley to succeed him. The Ku-Klux Klan had begun operations in the South, and the news of their outrages was filling the Northern press. In addition, there-



A RELIC OF A KU-KLUX HUNT.



THE ÉLITE OF CRIMINALS.

fore, to the customary $150,000, Congress appropriated $80,000 or $100,000 expressly for the suppression of this class of disorders, placing the money at the disposal of Attorney-General Williams. That officer turned it over to Whitley, who organized a force, and sent it South for the double purpose of bringing counterfeiters and Ku-Klux marauders to justice. These men had adventures excelling in romantic interest anything in the pages of fiction. In order to collect the evidence they wanted they had to join the Klans, and work their way into the confidence of the leaders. Many of them became outlaws among their neighbors, and a few were murdered as the result of furnishing testimony for the prosecutions. Whitley kept at this business till the latter part of 1874, and might have continued his remarkable career if he had not become involved in the factional quarrel between the local politicians of Washington. Worse than that, he permitted the Secret Service as a body to be drawn into the fight. Then came to light the District safe burglary scandal, in which it appeared that certain Secret Service men had carried their partisan zeal to such lengths as to hire professional burglars to break into the place where sundry coveted records were kept, and spirit them away.

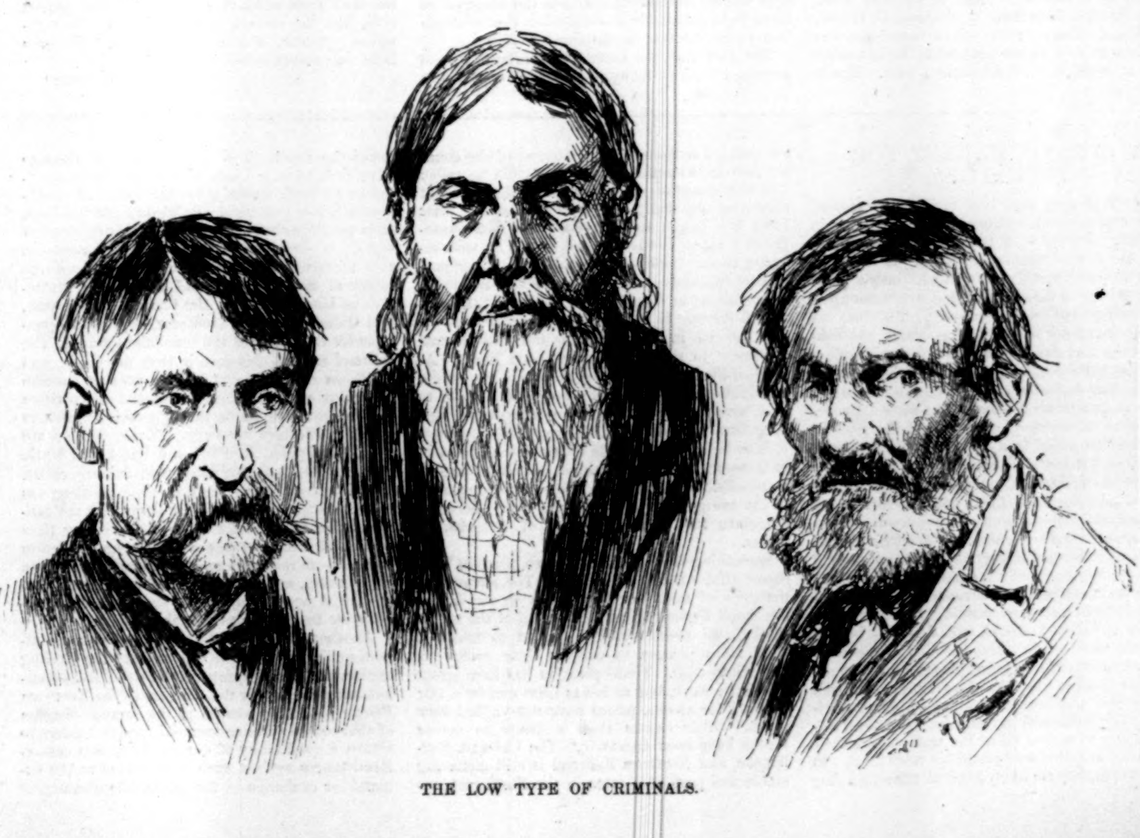
The exposure not only cost Whitley his office, but aroused public sentiment against the Secret Service. Up to that time it had been employed in every branch of detective work, and the members had become skilled in their several specialties. But now the confidence of the people was rudely shaken. In this emergency Elmer Washburn, Chief of Police of Chicago, was appointed chief of the division. His character and record were relied upon to upbuild its good name again. He was clean-handed, energetic, and able, and under his administration no person was allowed to interfere politically with his force, nor was the force allowed to take any part in politics. Still Congress refused to be satisfied that all was right, and adopted a policy of restrictive legislation, both limiting the functions of the service and reducing the appropriation. Not an election occurred in which the defeated party would not charge upon the victor the use of Secret Service money, although the proofs of such misapplication were never forth-coming. This was the era of the great whiskey frauds. Mr. Washburn's men had been engaged almost from the day of his installation till the trials got well under way in unearthing these plots to rob the government. Then the rumor got abroad that Secretary Bristow, who was the foremost figure in the reform, was a candidate for the Presidency, and was using this raid upon the ring as a means of killing off other eminent Republicans and securing the party nomination. President Grant was approached by tale-bearers, who represented to him that Mr. Washburn, as the Secretary's first lieutenant, was engaged in a scheme to break down the reputation of the White House circle, and he believed the story. One man who was in a position to speak with authority, and who did his utmost to prove this scandal false, was Washburn's chief assistant, James J. Brooks; but the President's resolve was fixed, and Washburn was removed in October, 1876, and Brooks promoted to his place. Brooks was a good officer, with nine years' experience in Internal Revenue field work before he came into the Secret Service. He had restored millions of dollars to the Treasury, and had many hair-breadth escapes, including one adventure in which he was shot through the lungs and given up by the surgeons as past help. A sturdy constitution and indomitable grit carried him through. On taking the chief's office he laid hold of the force with a strong hand, organized it from top to bottom on a plan of his own, and enforced a rigid discipline, promptly dismissing any man who would not abstain entirely from meddling with politics. Nevertheless, Congress refused to be wooed back to its old-time friendliness. From an appropriation of $125,000 in 1876, it gradually reduced the annual fund to $60,000, besides limiting the scope of the service strictly to counterfeiting, back pay, and bounty frauds, and requiring that every dollar should be expended on certain definite objects. Last year it voted an additional $4000 for the investigation of claims for expenses incurred in the last illness and burial of pensioners, but this was the first sign manifested in a long while of a disposition to restore the service to its old breadth of usefulness.

Mr. Brooks remained in office from the fall of 1876 till February, 1888, and then gave place to one of his subordinates, John S. Bell, of Newark, New Jersey, the present chief. Mr. Bell is about forty-one years old. He was for sixteen years superintendent of an ice company employing a large number of men, and thus acquired the habits of a disciplinarian. He was made Chief of Police of Newark, and served for two years. In 1885 he accepted a place in the Secret Service, and after some three years' experience, as shown, became its head. Although personally a Democrat, he has retained a good many of his predecessors' best men, whose proved courage and efficiency would make them a credit to the service of any government. Restricted as they are by the form in which the appropriations are made, if they were content to abide merely by the letter of the law they would never be able to bring a criminal to justice. To their honor be it said, however, that they interpret their duty by the spirit and not the letter, and often in the pursuit of frauds spend money from their own slender purses to protect the government from robbery, when they realize that the statute of appropriation cannot be stretched to embrace the outlay, and have no hope of reimbursement.

Before a person can enter the Secret Service, he must answer under oath, and in his own handwriting, a series of questions covering the entire period from his birth to the day of interrogation. This precaution is taken to prevent his jeopardizing a government case by going upon the stand as a witness, and having any of his discreditable antecedents brought out under the fire of a cross-examination. Having once been admitted, he starts with the rank of an assistant operative, at a small per diem compensation. If he proves capable, and gives promise of making a record, he is advanced on the pay-roll till the limit for his rank is reached. He then takes a step upward, and becomes a special operative, his pay being increased perhaps a dollar a day. His next promotion is to the position of operative, and his pay is again increased by a like amount. As may be guessed, an appropriation of $60,000 cannot be made to support a very large force. The entire roster, including clerks at head-quarters, rarely reaches thirty-six men.

The field agents are allotted to various districts. These have no uniform territorial area; one may comprise several States, as, for example, all New England; or, again, one State may contain several districts. In this matter everything depends on how the criminal class seem to be distributed at any given period. The local head-quarters of each district is usually in one of its populous cities. The effectiveness of its work is not judged by the number of arrests reported from it, but by the success of its men in keeping the district clean of swindlers. The operative in charge of each district is required to make daily reports in writing to the chief in Washington, not only describing in detail his own activities for the preceding twenty-four hours, but noting any important facts bearing on the general interests of the service, such as, what well-known counterfeiters or suspects have been seen in the neighborhood. The daily report must include also the financial transactions of the district force, and wherever practicable be accompanied by vouchers for money spent. When all the reports of a month are in, they are carefully scanned, and any expenditure not plainly authorized by the statute is charged against the account of the man making it. The members of the field force are not allowed to have about their persons when engaged in work requiring special secrecy anything indicative of their official character. On ordinary duty they carry a badge and a commission defining their authority. Each operative is supposed to know thoroughly the affairs of his own district, but is not acquainted with what is occurring in any other till the chief thinks such knowledge would be of advantage to him in conducting some official operation. The discretion of even the highest of the field agents is limited. Only when he detects a person in the actual commission of a crime is he authorized to make an arrest without formality. In any other circumstances he must first lay all the facts within his knowledge before the United States attorney for the judicial district where he is operating, and take counsel with that officer whether or not to obtain a warrant. Personal effects, such as money and other valuables, taken from a prisoner on arrest are receipted for at the time, and surrendered to him on his release from custody. All property contraband of law, and to be held in evidence for a prosecution, is placed in the keeping of the United States attorney having charge of the case, and when the trial is over is transmitted to Washington, and stored in the safes of the Secret Service till the Secretary of the Treasury orders its destruction under the supervision of a committee of experts.

Although the Secret Service wages effective warfare upon its peculiar class of "crooks," and often shows great ingenuity in working up a chain of evidence and making a capture, some of its most brilliant successes have been the result of accident. A notable instance occurred in 1880, when, in counting the notes sent in by the New York banks, one of the ladies in the Redemption Bureau of the Treasury was struck by something unfamiliar about a hundred-dollar note of the Pittsfield National Bank of Pittsfield, Massachusetts. It was merely the instinct of an expert which caused her to throw it out; for when one of the same issue which was known to be genuine was compared with the suspected note, the latter was found to be wellnigh perfect. Indeed, the only difference obvious to the naked eye was the very slightest dip in the angle made by a cross-tree on a ship's mast in a picture in the lower left-hand corner of the face of the counterfeit. The fact that the spurious notes, of which there proved to be several in the hands of the counters, had been turned in by New York city banks, pointed to this city as the scene of operations for the people engaged in the fraud. A close watch being set on all the "crooks" of New York who ever dabbled in that kind of business, an old forger named William E. Brockway was presently fixed upon as the head of the gang. It was found that he was very intimate with Charles H. Smith, an engraver in the employ of the American Banknote Company, and that one James B. Doyle was holding suspicious conferences with both men. One day Doyle bought a ticket for Chicago. Two Secret Service agents followed suit, and obtained seats and berths in the same car, taking turns in watching him. As he stepped off the train in Chicago he was arrested, and his luggage was made to disgorge, not the expected $100 banknotes, but between two and three hundred $1000 coupon bonds—false, of course—of the existence of which the government officers had not the faintest idea. Brockway and Smith were at once arrested in New York. Both made confessions, which resulted in the checking of a tremendous scheme of fraud, and the recovery of a lot of counterfeit plates and other material. How happy an accident Doyle's arrest was, occurring just at this juncture, may be guessed when it is stated that the gang were prepared to float anywhere from $500,000 to $1,000,000 of their bonds, which were so perfect that, when mixed with genuine securities, the microscope had to be called into play to separate the real from the false. Smith turned out to have been the artisan of some other brilliant counterfeits. The finest piece of work he ever did, except on the bonds, was a $500 Treasury note of the series of 1869. The only points by which it can be distinguished



THE LOW TYPE OF CRIMINALS.

A CORNER IN THE CHIEF'S PRIVATE OFFICE.

are a slight irregularity in the outline of a button on the coat in the portrait of John Quincy Adams, and a slip of the graver's tool which makes the Goddess of Liberty seem to have six toes on one foot.

A pair of highly successful counterfeits are silver certificates for one and five dollars respectively, known as the "Italian notes," because handled by Gaetano Russo and his wife Rosa. They were made from wood-cuts, and in a fresh state seem coarse to the eye; but cleverly soiled and put forth in small quantities at a time, they obtained an extensive circulation before justice found them out. Eight persons, mostly "shovers" or passers, were arrested in Russo's gang.

The hardest paper counterfeits to make, and the hardest to trace to their makers, are the work of the pen. In the Secret Service archives are preserved two of these, which are models of free-hand drawing in three colors, and must have cost their authors a great deal more time than the twenty and fifty dollars respectively obtained with them would pay for. Where fine engraving is done on a counterfeit, the detectives can narrow their suspicions down to a comparatively small circle of experts; but fancy penmanship is so wide-spread an accomplishment that they are completely baffled by it, and have to relinquish their search and trust wholly to luck for a clew.

Another shrewd and often successful device consists in raising a bill from a smaller to a larger denomination by pasting over the telltale pictures and figures others cut from the old-fashioned paper fractional currency and from revenue stamps. It was at such a trick that the notorious Peter McCartney was caught when arrested the last time; and the old man, who has passed the best years of his life in prison, and feels some pride in the quality of his earlier exploits, declared that the terrors of a long sentence were as nothing to him compared with the professional disgrace of serving a term for doing so poor a job as this.

In coin counterfeiting there are about as many methods as craftsmen. Some of the best work in this line has been done by William G. Hards, of Chicago. The operative who arrested him was surprised to find in his possession an extensive outfit of tools, but no fraudulent coin. Hards had a pocketful of money, however, mostly silver, with as neat a face and as clear a ring as any that ever came from a mint. Something impelled the officer by-and-by to pierce one of these pieces and apply the acid test, and it proved to be only a base composition, plated heavily with silver obtained by melting down trade dollars, which gave the desired finish and ring, and resisted all tests till cut through. Italians are the people most numerously engaged in coin counterfeiting, probably because so many are trained to the art of plaster-working, and can make excellent moulds. Some token coins, such as the nickel five-cent piece, can be made of the real metal at a handsome profit. This is a disadvantage which the government must always expect to suffer when it issues a coin whose bullion value is only one-quarter its face.

Counterfeiters, unlike most other classes of "crooks," are drawn from all ranks of society. Many persons of worthy antecedents drift into crime almost by accident. A fine engraver, for instance, in a moment of thoughtlessness, tries his hand at an imitation of a government note as a mere test of skill. Success in deceiving his friends, perhaps by way of jest, gives him a dangerous impulse onward, and in an hour of weakness the temptation to use his powers for a bad end finds him a ready victim. The same may be true of a die-cutter or metal-worker who makes a matrix for a coin even for the adornment of a bit of jewelry or as an advertising device. The policy of the Secret Service, therefore, has been uniformly to discourage everything of the sort. The statutes of the United States on the subject are very sweeping, and their interpretation by the courts correspondingly broad. Where there is plainly no fraudulent intent, a person discovered making anything which could possibly be mistaken for a government coin or note or bond or stamp, or, indeed, for any part of one, is quietly warned from head-quarters to cease. If the work is finished it is ordered destroyed, and on non-compliance, declared contraband and confiscated. This often seems like a serious hardship to innocent makers of fancy goods, but the majority of them yield gracefully enough when the principle underlying the rule is explained to them.

The fact that the counterfeiting fraternity is recruited from so many walks in life sufficiently accounts for the absence of any common characteristics in the physiognomy of its members. The detectives have to exert their wit to identify individuals, having no types for a preliminary guide. Every person who falls into the clutches of the Secret Service is photographed. A careful minute is made also of his peculiarities. The size and shape of his nose, the color of his eyes, the lines of his mouth and chin, and the like, are all jotted down. But most attention is paid to scars, tattooed designs, moles, natural deformities of structure, and impediments of gait and speech—those signs which he cannot make away with at will when he wants to disguise himself. Every feature and every mark is indexed in books stored in the safes at head-quarters. When a field agent reports a suspect with brown hair, blue eyes, and a peculiar-shaped ear, for example, it is easy to turn to the record of ears and see if there are any in the index corresponding with the description which would distinguish this man from most other men with brown hair and blue eyes. It seems strange, in view of the well-known vigilance of the operatives, that a man with striking facial eccentricities should continue his career of crime after having once had his portrait placed in the rogues' gallery, but the fascinations of a "crooked" life seem too powerful for many to resist. In fact, it has been found that men of this sort are often quite willing to face the camera, while some who are entirely commonplace in appearance require physical force to keep them quiet long enough to let the lens and dry plate do their work.

The Secret Service division of the Treasury Department has quarters in the third story of the Treasury Building in Washington. The public at large are permitted access to the anteroom, and visitors to the capital city generally take advantage of the privilege to inspect the curious collection of contraband specimens and relics there displayed. The chief's chamber and the clerks' rooms are kept more private, as it is necessary, in an establishment requiring so much work to be done strictly under cover, to remember that even walls have ears, and that prying eyes, like the certain notable character in a familiar proverb, if allowed an inch, will often help themselves to an ell.

FRANCIS E. LEUPP.

A STRONG MARKET FOR SECURITIES.

THE effect upon securities and upon investors of the anti-railroad sentiment in politics that is especially noticeable in the Western States was discussed in this column last week. It would be unfair to pass from the subject with only a passing reference to the effect of that sentiment upon the development of the country. Reckless as well as judicious building of railroads has contributed to that development, and the only sufferers have been those who have put their money into the less desirable undertakings. The public has to an extent been benefited at their expense. That is an advantage, however, that the pioneer will hereafter enjoy to a less extent than heretofore, since the restrictive legislation that has of late become fashionable in the newer States has determined many a capitalist not to invest any of his money in communities whose politics are tinged with anti-railroad sentiment. The effect of that sentiment in Iowa was very clearly demonstrated last year, for practically no new road was built within its limits, and its train service was reduced about 150,000 miles per month. In one way the owners of railroad stocks will derive a benefit from the more conservative building of railroads in consequence of restriction placed upon that enterprise by those who reap the greatest good from competition and from the opening up of new territory. The roads now in operation will have a better chance to secure all of the traffic along their lines, and also to obtain profitable rates for it. In other words, they are likely to get all the return they are entitled to from the development of the country they have opened up. This should be taken into consideration in determining the value of securities generally. It is worth noting that Iowa has begun to appreciate the disadvantageous position she has placed herself in with relation to the money-lending interest by her positively oppressive policy toward the railroads. The evidence is found in the inability of the present Governor to retain his position, though he has catered in every way to the anti-railroad sentiment in that semi-communistic State. At the last State Convention of the party in power a candidate was nominated who is understood to hold much more liberal views regarding transportation interests than the present incumbent. It is to be hoped that the experience of Iowa in its treatment of the capital that is quite as largely responsible for the growth of that commonwealth as the energy that has employed it may serve to moderate the injudicious zeal of neighboring States.

Something of a change has taken place in Wall Street affairs the last few days. The advance in the price of nearly every security on the list of the Stock Exchange, certainly of all of the active stocks, has been sufficiently great to tempt a good many dealers to convert their profits on paper into cash. That operation has been going on all the week, but as it has been met by a fair demand for stocks, prices have not yielded very much. Other causes than a desire to secure profits have been operative. The Chicago, Burlington, and Northern Railroad is still menacing stable and profitable rates in the Northwest, because the trunk lines running east of Chicago have refused to pro-rate with it and its competitor on through traffic upon the basis of an abnormally low rate between Chicago and St. Paul. It is possible that the death of the president of the C., B., and Northern Road, which occurred this morning, may have some effect upon the policy of that company, and also modify the relations between it and the Chicago, Burlington, and Quincy Railroad Company, which is responsible for its existence and scandalous career. The railroad side of this case is that the C., B., and Northern road is forced into its present position regarding rates by the unrestricted competition of the Canadian roads through their feeders in the Northwestern territory. Those feeders are the Minneapolis, St. Paul, and Sault Ste. Marie and the Duluth, South Shore, and Atlantic roads. It will be very interesting this winter in Congress to see the party of protection parry with the railroads that will insist that its policy is less than half carried out because it affords no protection to American railroads against unlimited Canadian competition, and with the Western farmers, who will insist upon enjoying the shortest and cheapest route to and from the seaboard.

Another development that has challenged attention is the course of the market for sterling exchange. The improvement in the stock-market, and particularly the advance in the Northern Pacific stocks, incidental to the annual election of that company, have tempted foreign holders to return a good many of our stocks to this centre. Remittances against such sales, added to the demand for exchange by the mercantile community and the repurchase of bills that were sold in connection with the unprofitable speculation in government bonds that some of the foreign banking houses engaged in during the summer, have advanced the rates for sight bills very close to the figures at which gold will have to be used in settling our foreign trade balance. The possibility that money may have to be sent out of the country at this season of the year, when our financial resources are likely to be taxed by a large crop movement, and consequent activity in general business, is not one that can be lightly dismissed. It has already influenced the professional element in the stock-market, though it has hardly been reflected in the money-market. London has been an apparent buyer of stocks the last few days, and if it should prove that the purchases by foreign houses are really for their correspondents abroad, and are not a part of the local manipulation of the market, the advance in the rates for sterling exchange may be checked before our stock of gold is impaired.

No reference to the market for securities would be complete that ignored the influence of the depressing weather of the metropolis all the week. Wall Street sentiment is always susceptible to the weather, and the most surprising phase of the speculation is that it has not yielded more than it has to the gloom that has enveloped the entire Atlantic coast. The stubborn strength of the stock-market in spite of the influences referred to proves that the interest in it is more than local, and that confidence in it has become so strong that it is not easily shaken.

COLLIN ARMSTRONG.

NEW YORK, *Saturday, September* 14, 1889.

THERE ARE NO HAPPY DAYS

For those who continue to rise unrefreshed after nights of unrest. Nervousness, insomnia, indigestion—these constitute a triple alliance that perpetually wars against man's comfort, and robs both brain and body of tranquillity. Combat the trio for a time with Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, and it will give ground and eventually fly the field. The basis of reform is the rectification of digestion, for the brain and nerve trouble is simply a reflex of the disturbance of that all-important function. A wineglassful before each meal of the national stomachic insures facile digestion, and a repetition of the pleasant dose before retiring promotes nerve and muscle invigorating sleep. Associated with indigestion we usually find biliousness and constipation. But together or independent of each other, these maladies are subjugated by the Bitters, which also remedies kidney trouble, rheumatism, neuralgia, and malaria.—[*Adv.*]

SIMPLY PERFECT.

THE Union Pacific Railway, "The Overland Route," has equipped its trains with dining-cars of the latest pattern, and on and after August 18th the patrons of its fast trains between Council Bluffs and Denver, and between Council Bluffs and Portland, Ore., will be provided with delicious meals, the best the market affords, perfectly served, at 75 cents each. Pullman's Palace Car Co. will have charge of the service on these cars.—[*Adv.*]

IMPERIAL GRANUM

Is the safest, most reliable, and wholesome FOOD for Infants and Children. The most nourishing, strengthening, and delicious FOOD for Nursing Mothers, Invalids, Convalescents, and the Aged.—[*Adv.*]

AN Indiana physician writes: "I am more than gratified with the good results obtained from Nicholson's Liquid Bread. It is a pure, palatable, and healthful remedy."—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

ADVICE TO MOTHERS.

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP should always be used for children teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,"
THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER,
For Internal and External Pains, Rheumatism, Pain in Stomach, Bowels, or Side, Colic, Diarrhœa, Colds, Sprains, Burns, Scalds, Cramps, and Bruises, 25c. a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

CHAPPED HANDS AND ROUGH SKIN
Impossible if you use CORNELL'S BENZOIN SOAP. 25 cts. Druggists, or Box 2148, New York.—[*Adv.*]

NOTHING contributes more towards a sound digestion than the use of ANGOSTURA BITTERS.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

IT is astonishing how rapidly the feeble and debilitated gain strength and vigor when taking Ayer's Sarsaparilla. For what are called "broken-down constitutions," nothing else has proved so effective as this powerful but perfectly safe medicine.—[*Adv.*]

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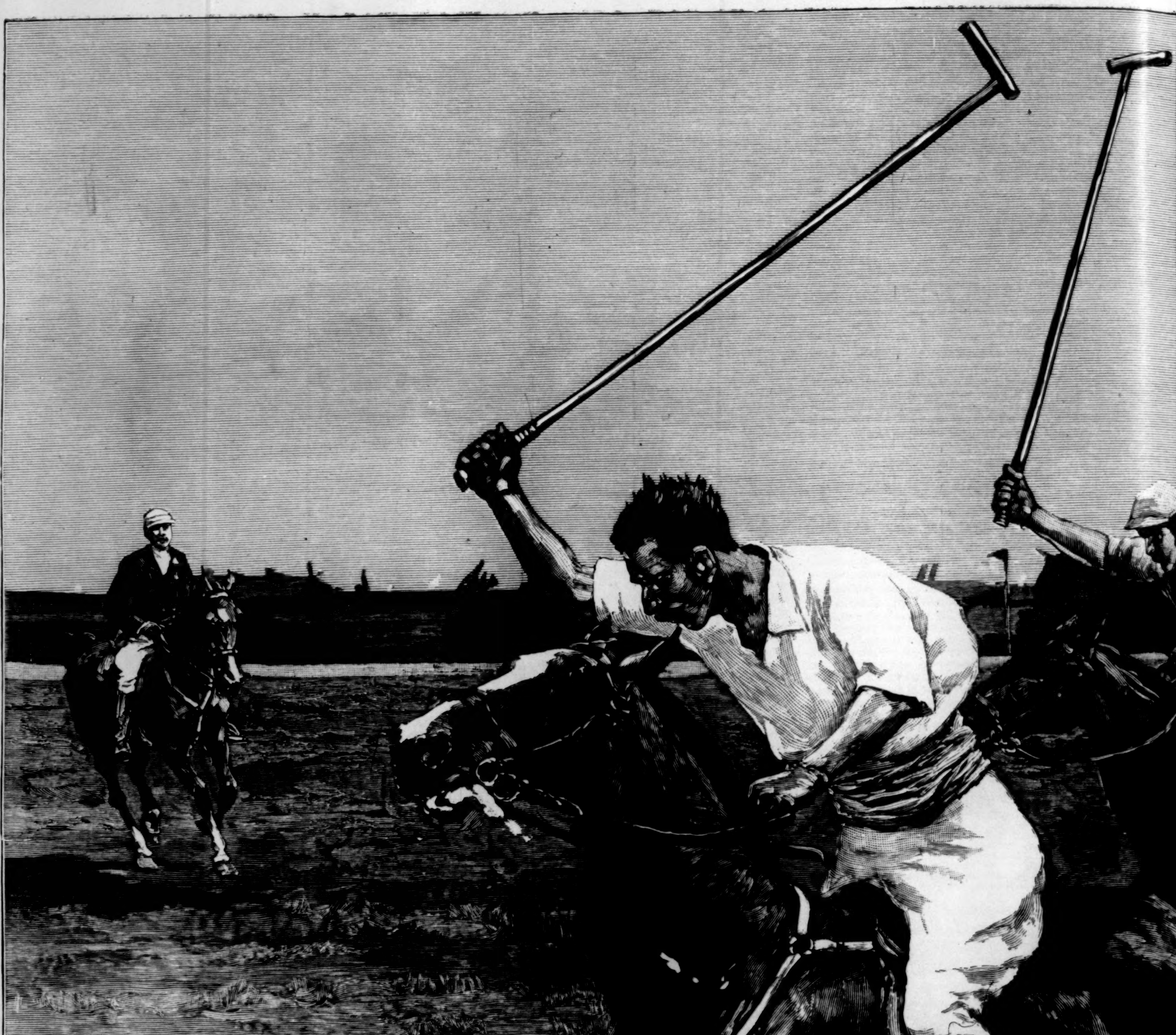

POLO AT CEDARHURST.—Draw

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RAWN BY T. DE THULSTRUP.—[SEE PAGE 763.]